

Echoes

32



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AUGUST 1987

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Cameo by Frank Pink

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EDITORIAL: First of all we would like to apologize to Mario DeMarco for incorrectly spelling his name in the last issue; it is spelled DeMarco - not DeMarco, as we printed it.

We hope to have this issue printed early in order for Bob Weinberg to take copies to the PulpCon. This is something of a special issue for us, as - I hope all of you will agree - the cover for this issue was done especially for ECHOES by Ron Wilber to illustrate that even The Shadow reads ECHOES (in his spare time, of course). And the material this time around is also very special; Bob continues his fantastic series on starting again. James Renssener has finally written his long-awaited account of writing the Mike Shayne stories. And, of course, many of our favorite writers are on hand to fill out the issue.

Regarding the article, A DEATH-DEIFYING ACT, this was started as a proposed short piece, but very quickly turned into something of a monster at around 18 pages. And it may not be over with. The subject matter of the article has sparked a lot of interest, and several other writers appear to want in on this; rumor has it that we may be able to talk Albert Tomk into doing something on a western hero, and word has reached us that Joe Iwendowski may do something on the Black Bat. So, let me just say that if anyone else is interested out there in fandom, let us know, and we will gladly have a DEATH-DEIFYING ACT, Part 2.

We also want to thank Dan Cobbett personally for sending all those xerox pulp cover reproductions, two of which are used in this issue (The Spider on page 16, and The Shadow on the back cover). We will be using more of these as time goes on.

We have a lot of good material scheduled for the rest of the year, so, please, if your subscription renewal is due with this issue, stay with us. You will not want to miss a single issue. For all of you who are reading this issue at the PulpCon, we hope you are having a lot of fun. In the next issue we will have another fine PulpCon report by Nick Carr & Iank Bullar. If you see these two gentlemen tell them hi, and maybe they will mention you in their report. For now, enjoy. See you next issue!

the ECHO CHAMBER

NICK CURR (Mesa, Arizona): Enjoyed reading Kim L. Neidigh's article on the mustache problem. Kim, watch for my short write up due in the Pulp Collector on another subject related to the same two gentlemen in question - Wu Feng and Yen Sin ...

I noticed Howard Hopkins has added his own version of "Spider Notes" with his fine "Who's the Boss" article. It seems The Spider remains very popular and requests for comments about him never cease.

The Tepperman Quest goes on. Or maybe with me it's becoming The Tepperman Syndrome. But the man remains a Ghost in every sense of the word.

Perhaps Don Gobbett would be kind enough to drop me a line and let me know what he thinks of the Lone Eagle stories. Particularly if he thought they should have left them in World War One instead of going to World War Two. Quite frankly I'd have preferred the first war all the way.

HENRY STUCKER (New York, N.Y.): Every time I read a copy of *HEROES* I drool nostalgia all over the place. The book is so well done and it represents so much work that I feel that I must congratulate you on every issue that comes out, not that I wish to bore you but just to express this old timer's appreciation for the great job you have done. When I saw the back cover of the last issue with the picture of Sky Riders I was really thrilled because this was the first pulp book I ever edited. It was done for George Delacorte of the Dell Publishing Company and was my first independent venture at George's shop. It represented a wonderful novel experience for me and I had the time of my life with it. While I was doing this book Gene Clancy, who was a really kindly, capable editor, was doing War Birds and I was helping him with War Birds at the same time. Sky Riders lasted for a couple of years and I then went on to War Birds because Gene Clancy had decided to retire. He really taught me everything I know about the pulp publishing industry. George had an office on 34th Street and 9th Avenue, then moved down to about 19th Street on 5th Avenue and then to one on 17th Street. These moves were all made rather rapidly and there was always the fun of becoming accustomed to a new neighborhood. At the 19th Street office Curtis Mitchell, editor of *Film Fun*, and I rigged up a miniature golf course on the roof. Every now and then a golf ball would go down nine floors and bounce back eight, and so forth. Fortunately, we never hit anyone.

After I had been with George for a couple of years or so, I moved on and started my own company, figuring that he then I had learned everything there was to know about publishing! Of course, as you can imagine, I really knew very little, but we were blessed with a great deal of luck and somehow survived.

I also got an enormous kick out of the double-page spread on The Spider that was just beautiful and most nostalgic. As I told you in the past, Nick Carr has been a great help in keeping me abreast of all the doings in the fandom and I always enjoy his articles enormously. He's a very conscientious student of the field. Thanks again for the magnificent entertainment and all the reliable facts and figures you bring us. (Gerry, thanks for such a very nice letter. We always enjoy hearing from you and appreciate the many stories you pass on to us about those by-gone days of the pulp era. As most of us do remember those days - or at least the final stages of the pulp years, it is wonderful to hear from someone like yourself who experienced the pulp field first hand - through the magazines, themselves....Gangster)

PAUL RANSDALE (Marion, Ind): I wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Minter for the help he gave me in knowing where to look for the stories I am looking for.

I also wish to thank him for the pulps he sold me, and especially the issue of *Planet Stories* with the story about *Dynen the Amazon*.

I have never met any of the old western stars as he has, but I once wrote an article on Max Terhune, and I have video cassettes of Roy Rogers and Randolph Scott.

ALBERT BENIX (Dresher, PA): I knew that Ted Haglin was going to visit you. I heard from him afterwards. He really enjoyed himself. But he said you let him sleep in the pulp room. Bad idea. He did not get any sleep. He set up and read pulps all night.

What a wonderful memory Mike Avallone has. I envy anyone that can remember names of characters read twenty years ago. I have trouble remembering things from last year. The less said about Dirty Harry the better. Richard Harvey knows how I feel about that character. I liked the article on the PHANTOM DETECTIVE by you and Nick Carr. The accompanying illustrations were wonderful. Thank you Ron Wilber. I have read about thirty of the PHANTOM's stories, especially those reprinted by Regency. I have read a number of articles about the PHANTOM. But I have yet to see anyone comment on one facet of the stories that I noticed. In the early stories THE PHANTOM captures a crook and immediately imprisons him to penetrate the crooks' headquarters. And he charges persons several times during the story. But in the later stories THE PHANTOM assumes a disguise at the beginning of the story and keeps it thru out the tale. (Not nearly as exciting.)

It is always interesting to read more of Dicksen Thorpe's (Nick Carr) favorite subject, THE SPIDER. In this case, Patrick Flynn who replaced Stanley Kirkpatrick for awhile. The article on HOPALONG CASSIDY was interesting. David and Su Bates did not mention that the book version of Hoppy by Clarence Mulford was a completely different character.

Continued on page 45

THE BLACK LOTUS

by Tom Johnson

(1)

FORWARD



The MIKE SHAYNE MYSTERY MAGAZINE has long been considered by many to be the last "hero" character magazine. As early as the 1940's many of our pulp magazines had been reduced to digest size, including Street & Smith's Doc Savage and The Shadow magazines. By the late 1940's and early 1950's most pulp magazines were being phased out in favor of pocket books and digest size magazines. The larger, gaudy-covered magazines that we lovingly called "pulp" that had been a force in the publishing world for over half a century, were now being replaced with the smaller, less exciting publications. The maid was being cast.

Another force in the pulp field was Leo Margulies who had been a senior editor for the "Thrilling" group published by Ned Pines. Leo had been responsible to a great extent for such pulp series characters as the Phantom Detective, Masked Detective, G-Man, etc. When Leo's involvement with the pulp magazine industry ended in the 1950's, he saw that the end was in sight for the bloody pulp and entered his own publishing venture. He founded the RENOVA publishing house in 1956, with the beginning of the MICHAEL SHAYNE MYSTERY MAGAZINE. Leo worked out a deal with Davis Dresser - the real name behind the Brett Halliday pen/house name, hired long-time friend Sam Mervin, Jr. to edit the magazine, and brought the spirit of the old pulp magazines into the 1950's.

The mid 1950's was bringing about changes in the literature of the day, and Leo recognized these trends. With the end of WW II and the Korean conflict, the American readers no longer wanted to read about superheroes and masked crane-fighters - these were left to the comic book media. Today's hero had to be plain, simple, and like you and me - the average John Doe Public. Leo felt that the character of Mike Shayne would fit this new trend of the 1950's.

As easily as the Phantom Detective fit into the novels of the 1930's. So the new hero was different. But the old format of the pulp magazine was still good, and Leo kept this - the lead story featured the hero for which the magazine had been named, plus included several short stories in the same genre. Leo brought in new, as well as some of the old-time mystery writers to contribute to his new magazine.

Over the next 10 years many authors would pen the Shayne stories for the magazine: Sam Mervin, Jr., Frank B. Loeb, Dennis Lynch, Michael Avallone, Robert Arthur, Hal Charles, James Reasoner, and many others. The series ran from September 1956 to August 1965, and was one of the most popular magazines in mystery fiction. Leo also published several companion magazines to the MSM; these were the MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E., GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E., SHELL SCOTT MYSTERY MAGAZINE, CHARLIE CRAN MYSTERY MAGAZINE, ZANE GRAY WESTERN MAGAZINE, and SATELLITE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. However, Leo passed away long before the MSM saw its demise in 1965. Much, in itself, is a tribute to the memory of the man who founded Renova Publications. Leo had spent most of his life in the publishing field.

The magazine moves into the 1980's - with some throwbacks into the 1930's; With DEAN IN CANADA, December 1978, a new author was invited into the Mike Shayne stories. He was James Reasoner, a young writer from Azle, Texas. He

was also a fan of the pulp heroes, as well as an admirer of Davis Dresser. By 1980 he had taken over the helm of the series and was turning out some outstanding stories. Though he brought his own writing-style to the series, the influence of the pulp magazines is also detectable in his writing. Through the urging of Chuck Fritch, the current editor at the time, he created a recurring character in the series. She was the Black Lotus, an Oriental villainess, who would cross Shayne's path in three episodes: BLACK LOTUS, January 1981, DEATH FROM THE SKY, July 1981, and, THURSDAY ISLAND, February 1982.

(2)

THE BLACK LOTUS

January 1981 (V45 N1), written by Brett Halliday (James Reasoner); pages 7 - 58, 1 illustration - the Black Lotus, page 6.

"Shayne fired, but the Ninja was faster. As the wicked blade flashed toward his face, the detective threw himself to one side. The blade missed by inches. Thired and beat up as he was, Shayne knew it was only a matter of time until one of the killing strokes found him!"

Brett Halliday

An Oriental crime syndicate has moved into the Miami area and there is a mob war between them and the local crime Kingpin.

The murder of an Oriental waiter brings Shayne into the case where he is attacked by ninja assassins. The only clue that he has to work from is "the Black Lotus." A young girl, Leiko Smith, assists Shayne in his investigation:

Shayne looked at her more closely now and saw that even in the shadows, she had a beauty that was breathtaking. Her hair was black, jet black, and it framed a face that was perfectly shaped. Her skin was fair, and her eyes slanted less than Ho's. The Oriental cast was there, but it was tempered by blood from another source, American father, Chinese mother, Shayne surmised.

Shayne followed her across the room. He couldn't help but notice the appealing shape she exhibited in a tight, snugly-cut American dress. Her long dark hair flowed down her back, and despite the Western clothing, she was undeniably Oriental, and undeniably beautiful.

She laughed suddenly, and it was like the clear, cool bubbling of a stream in the high country....

The chair on the platform was more ornate. The seat was covered with a rich brocade, and its high, curved back was decorated with a painting of a dragon curled upon itself, flame spouting from its nostrils.

Leiko Smith sat in the chair, looking serenely down at him.

No, Shayne told himself, Leiko Smith was gone. This was the Black Lotus, incarnate.

Her black hair, no longer loose and flowing, was braided on top of her head and held in place with a jewel-covered clip. Long earrings dangled from her ears, and they were studded with gems, too. She wore a simple green dress that made her look entirely elegant. She was stunning, and the American side of her was gone, vanished, replaced by enigmatic Eastern beauty. She was totally Chinese now, the Black Lotus and nothing else.

The Black Lotus was also schooled in the martial arts and saves Shayne from mobsters:

"Kuu-yahh!"

The cry was unexpected, and so was the flurry of limbs and cross. Shayne saw a blur of motion in the shadows, saw long black hair whipping around a rapidly-moving body, and then two of the men were flying in opposite directions.

He saw Leiko's lithe form flash by in front of him, her arm flashing down and her fluted hand catching the man in the throat. He folded up with a strangled cry of agony.

The Black Lotus has fallen in love with Shayne and saves him several times in the story. She admits her criminal activities, as well:

"We have also become involved in the drug traffic off the coast, as well as gambling and prostitution here in the city. We are, as I believe the Americans say, diversified. Ours is a lucrative business, and we have worked long and hard to build it up. I have recruited the best people in the Oriental community for our organization, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, even Vietnamese. We can let nothing threaten it now."

"Why, Leiko?" Shayne asked, "Why you?"

He could see her composure crack just for a second, the mask slipping and revealing the woman underneath. She said, "You could never understand. You cannot know what it is like to grow up where I did, surrounded by people, teasing mobs that care nothing for you, with a stepfather who beats you and uses you as a toy! My family was ruined by drugs and crime, and I grew up on the streets, taking what I had to, doing what I had to, in order to survive. I decided that since evil had taken away my chance for a normal life, then evil would at least supply me with a living. And now it has become more than that. Evil has given me luxury, and the chance to live again. I will not lose that ... even for a man like you, who has touched me as no man has ever touched me before."

She took a deep breath and raised her hand to gesture to the Ninja. Shayne tensed, ready to make a last stand ...

(3)

DEATH FROM THE SKY

July 1988 (W5 M7), written by Brett Halliday (James Rescuer); pages 6 - 61, no illustrations.

"Even Mike Shayne was skeptical. Flying saucers? UFO's? Little green men from Mars? Yet the man had seen something, and that something had caused his death. That same something promised death to others - and Shayne might very well be one of the victims!"

Brett Halliday

This novel has a little of everything to offer the readers, Russian agents, American agents, and beautiful female spies. Of course, the UFO just happened to be a Russian satellite that had fallen from the sky - and everyone was after the "little black box" from the satellite. Shayne gets into his usual bad situations, trapped, beat up, wounded; everything to make for a great story. Unfortunately the Black Lotus was not around as much as the readers had hoped. But when she was in the picture, the cameras were all turned on her. Still in love with Mike Shayne she rescues him several times, and did not kill him herself when she had the chance. We also learn a little more about this mystery woman.

Shayne growled. "What kind of duty is there in a life of crime?"

The smile dropped from Leiko's face. "The duty to my ancestors!" she snapped. "The kind of thing you cannot understand, you with your narrow Western mind! My grandfather was a great man, Mike, who spread his hand out and cast his shadow over all the East. He might have ruled the world one day, had he not been betrayed! So, you see, I'm just carrying on with ... family tradition."

The American government now has a file on Leiko; it appears that she is a foreign spy, selling secrets - or anything else, to the highest bidder. Right now she happens to be after the lost satellite:

Shayne nodded. "That was Leiko ... if that's her real name."

"As far as we know, it is. Our file on her is incomplete, but we believe she was born with the name Leiko Gordon. It's an interesting story, what we know of it, but we don't have the time to go into it now."

And Shayne continues to fall into her charms:

She was closer now, her hands reaching out, the tapering fingers closing on his arms and drawing her yet closer. He could feel the

worth of her breath on his face. She was lovely ... He had been falling in love with her, that other time months ago, until he had discovered her treachery. Why were those feelings flooding back over him now?

(4)

DOOMSDAY ISLAND

February 1982 (V46 N2), written by Brett Halliday (James Reasoner); pages 4 - 58, no illustrations.

"Shayne was outnumbered by fifty to one. But it was what was at the other end of the room that turned his blood to ice. Lucy Hamilton was suspended by cruel ropes, and beside her was Leiko, the Black Lotus, dressed in black, a whip in her hand. The Oriental woman had grace and a timeless beauty, but she was utterly mad. Shayne raised his gun. The Black Lotus had to die, no matter the cost!"

Brett Halliday

The Bohemians, Secret Agents, A religious cult, a missile loaded with a cancer producing ingredient, and - the Black Lotus! Shayne is set up by American agents to infiltrate an area with strange goings-on; they know that the Black Lotus is involved and that Shayne will see the case through once he finds out that this mysterious woman is back in circulation. Like a story from the old MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. series, Shayne penetrates a hidden castle to find a secret missile base, soldiers of the Black Lotus, and her cult followers. Shayne must eliminate them and save the world from the deadly cancer if the missile is launched. The Black Lotus is once again in top form, tho she should have been killed during the story titled DEATH FROM THE SKY, as she had received a deadly amount of radiation poison. But she had survived:

Shayne leaned forward. "How the hell did you survive that last business, anyway? That satellite component should have looked enough radiation to kill you a dozen times over."

Her smile was cryptic. "My blood is special, the blood of a man who should have ruled the world. And I was lucky, also. I was cured of my sickness and made the greatest discovery of my life, all in the same place."

Again there is reference to her strange grandfather:

She gave him a strange look. "For many years, I thought he was dead. Now we have found one another again, I am speaking, Mike, of my grandfather, who in his day led the greatest criminal organization in the world!" Her voice became husky with the powerful emotions cursing through her. "But now it is my day. Or should I say my night? The night of the Black Lotus!"

The Black Lotus was a fascinating character, and straight out of the pulp magazines. It is too bad that James Reasoner never finished the story of this Oriental beauty. I am sure that he had more plans for her to appear in future episodes. He was dropping hints as to her ancestry, but had never really completed her roll. She was, of course, the granddaughter of Fu Manchu. Was he also going to make an appearance in a future story? Perhaps. But will never know now, as the MM is no longer being printed.

The Black Lotus escaped in each story that she appeared in, either leaving Shayne wounded, or injured. But she never wanted him dead. She loved him, and they had even made love (the scene is recorded in THE BLACK LOTUS, January 1981). But Shayne never loved her, although he was fascinated by her and her beauty.

Of the three stories, my favorite was the first, THE BLACK LOTUS, although the last story, DOOMSDAY ISLAND, was a close second. In this last story we see a tribute to the MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. series, and the character of the Black Lotus would have fit well in that series, as well.

In leaving, for now, let me leave you with this:

Leiko was only inches from him now, and her arms were outstretched. It seemed to be the thing to do to go into them, putting his own arms around her and holding her tightly against him. Her special scent enveloped him, and he could hear the throbbing of his own heart ... Leiko!

A special thanks to James Reasoner for some fantastic reading in the MM, and for another lovely lady for us to admire - the Black Lotus.

MIKE SHAYNE

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

JULY 1981
\$1.50
47744

The Mike Shayne Mystery
Death FROM THE SKY
by Brett Halliday

Short stories by
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JOHN BRYAN
JOHN C. HARRIS
JAMES H. HOGAN
JAMES M. MCGILLICUDDY
LARRY R. SMITH

Editor
JOHN J. MCGILLICUDDY
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MIKE SHAYNE

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1979
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DEATH IN XANADU
by Brett Halliday

A Tension
Filled New
Novelet
LONG GONE
FOREVER
by J.N.
Lansdale



MIKE SHAYNE

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1981
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HAWKIN IN THE MAGIC CITY
A novel of Western Miami
by Brett Halliday

With stories and Sonnets by

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MIKE SHAYNE

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1980
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The New Mike Shayne
Short Novel
YESTERDAY'S ANGEL
by Brett Halliday

OUTLAWS
A Novelet
by Carl Hoffman

Short Stories by
DENNIS ETCHISON
EDWARD D. HOCH



BULLETS, BABES, AND THE BIG REDHEAD:

My Years with Michael Shayne

by James M. Reasoner

Thus is a story with three beginnings ...

First of all, in 1939, a writer named Davis Dresser published a mystery novel entitled DIVIDEND ON DEATH under the pseudonym Brett Halliday. This novel introduced a redheaded, hard-drinking Miami private detective called Michael Shayne. For Dresser, a prolific author who had written pulp stories, romance novels, and a few other mysteries, it was the turning point of a career that would stretch over the next several decades. Dresser wrote fifty novels about Michael Shayne, all of them published in hardback. (Other writers, using the Halliday pen-name, continued the series in paperback originals until 1977.) Michael Shayne became one of the longest-lived private eyes in spy-story fiction, appearing on radio and television and in the movies, in addition to the lengthy run of books.

Second, in 1956, veteran pulp editor and publisher Leo Margulies arranged with Davis Dresser to bring out a new magazine that would feature Dresser's creation in new stories each month. The magazine was called, not surprisingly, MICHAEL SHAYNE MYSTERY MAGAZINE. That title was soon shortened to MIKE SHAYNE MYSTERY MAGAZINE, since the character was better known by that name. Leo's wife, Sylvia Klemmas, also a veteran of the pulp era, was the editorial director of the magazine. The first editor was Sam Mervin, Jr., best known as the editor of the Forties science fiction pulp STARLINE STORIES, but also the author of quite a few mystery novels, including some of the Phantom Detective series. Mervin wrote quite a few of the Shayne stories in the magazine. Many different authors were behind the Halliday house name, but as far as I know, Dresser's only appearances were when one of his Shayne novels was serialized in the magazine. MIKE SHAYNE MYSTERY MAGAZINE also had a long run, appearing nearly every month until the final issue in August 1965. Although digest-sized, in many ways MSM was the last pulp, featuring as it did a long story about Mike Shayne every month, backed up by a variety of mystery short stories. It's not the one to write a complete history of MSM; that job should probably go to Tim Johnson, who has quite possibly the only complete run of the magazine in existence.

Finally, sometime in the early Sixties, I was introduced to Mike Shayne when I read Dresser's novel THIS IS IT, MICHAEL SHAYNE. I was immediately struck by the fast pace of the plot, the terse, hardboiled writing, and the colorful cast of characters - the loyal and beautiful secretary, Lucy Hamilton; the sardonic newspaperman, Timothy Roarke; Will Gentry, the solid and competent Miami police chief; Peter Painter, chief of the Miami Beach force and Shayne's nemesis; and of course Mike Shayne himself. Combining toughness and intelligence, Shayne was a bad man to cross but the best person to have in your corner if you were in trouble. Over the years I went on to read many of the Shayne novels and always enjoyed them. Today, they still hold up well, and if there is a more underrated series of detective novels around, I'm not aware of it.

As much as I liked the books, though, I never dreamed that one day I would be Brett Halliday and that I would be writing about Shayne's exploits myself.

In the small town in Texas where I lived (and still live), MSM was not readily available. I saw an occasional issue in the local drugstore but for some reason never bought one. I was aware of its existence, but I had no idea that the Brett Halliday writing for the magazine was not the same one who wrote the Shayne novels I was reading. Later, I began buying the magazine in Fort Worth, and as I read the Shayne stories I became aware of the differences in them from month to month. By that time I had learned a little more about the writing business, and it didn't take any great deductions to come to the realization that the stories were being ghosted by various authors.

In the middle Seventies I was a fledgling writer. My first sale was to a confession magazine (a nearly vanished genre these days), but my second was a mystery, bought by Sam Mervin, who had returned to edit MSM after quite a few years away from the magazine. Mervin was extremely helpful to me as I was trying to break in, giving me good reasons for the many stories of mine he bounced and making suggestions about how I might improve my work. I owe a lot to Sam Mervin and always will.

Eventually I began selling stories to him fairly regularly. To my surprise, he asked me to try my hand at one of the Mike Shayne "short novels". Actually, they were 20,000 word novellas. I had known that different authors wrote the stories under the Halliday house-name, but I had not expected that I would become one of that stable.

No young, hungry writer turns down the offer of work. I quickly read a handful of Dresser's Shayne novels that I had not read already and re-read several others. Sam sent me a Mike Shayne "Bible" that outlined the specifics

of the characters. He told me not to worry too much about getting all the right trappings; just get the story down and he would make it sound more like Shayne, he said. But I was so immersed in Shayne by the time I started writing my first one, "Death in Kanadu", that Mervin not only bought it, he was able to run it almost unchanged. At that time, the story was the longest thing I had ever written, and I was as proud as could be when it was published in the December 1978 issue with a suitably gushy cover featuring a lion and a semi-nude female corpse.

Now that I was launched as a Shayne author, Sam Mervin wanted me to do outlines for more of them. I started working right away on them, in addition to continuing to write short stories under my own name. I had also started what turned out to be my first novel, a private eye story (what else?) called TEXAS WIND (published by Minor Books in 1980 and pretty hard to find these days). I did three more Mike Shayne stories in 1979 - "Twice as Deadly" in June, "Lady From the Grave" in September, and "The Phoenix Gambit" in December. By then, Sam Mervin was in the process of retiring, and Charles E. Fritch was taking over as editor of the magazine.

Like Mervin, Chuck Fritch had more of a science fiction background, but he was a versatile writer and editor who had worked in many different fictional fields. We worked well together: I did "Murder By The Bay" for him, which appeared in the February 1980 issue, then "Payoff in Blood" for the March issue. Following that, Chuck made the comment that it was all right with him if I did all the Mike Shayne stories.

The prospect of having to come up with that many stories was a little intimidating to me, but I had always been a great admirer of the old-time pulpsters like Walter B. Gibson and Lester Dent, who could be counted on to turn out full-length novels month after month. Surely I could manage 20,000 words. The challenge was too exciting to turn down ... and I needed the money that a steady writing job would provide.

"The Bedlam File", published in the May 1980 issue of MMN, was the beginning of a two-and-a-half year run. I did every Mike Shayne story in that period, plus many short stories under my own name and other pseudonyms. It was a lot of hard work, coming up with that many mystery plots.

But it was a lot of fun, too.

My version of Mike Shayne was based primarily on Davis Dresser's work. Although plots change with the times, I tried to keep the characterization constant. The last thing I wanted to do was monkey around with a successful cast of characters. I did try to experiment with different types of stories, but for the most part, my Shayne stories were long on action, with complicated plots, flying lead, and plenty of beautiful women. I grew up reading Dresser, Frank Kane, Richard S. Prether, Mickey Spillane, and all the other tough-guy private eye writers of the Forties, Fifties, and Sixties, and it showed. Mike Shayne was as rugged and resourceful as ever, going all out for justice (and a few bucks for himself). He continued his comfortable romance with Lucy Hamilton, traded quips with Tim Rourke, cooperated with Will Gentry when he could (and stubbornly went his own way when he couldn't), and kept up his running battle with Peter Pulster. Gangsters abounded in the city by the bay, and most of them seemed to be gunning for Mike Shayne. And there was usually some lush blonde or brunette around, too. A few of them tried to plug the big redhead, but they were no match for Shayne. It may not have been a very realistic picture of Miami in the Eighties, but I was having fun and the readers seemed to like what I was doing.

My wife Livia, who writes under the name L.J. Weinbaum, began selling mystery stories of her own to the magazine, and she also started collaborating with me on some of the Mike Shaynes. The first two we did together were probably the high point of my stint on the series.

"Yesterday's Angel", in the September 1980 issue, featured the return of Shayne's wife Phyllis, who had originally been introduced in Dresser's first novel as heiress Phyllis Brighton, who was Shayne's client. They were married between the second book, THE PRIVATE PRACTICE OF MICHAEL SHAYNE, and the third one, THE UNCOMPLAINING CONFESSOR. For several books after that, Shayne and Phyllis made an unlikely but very likeable team, as Dresser combined the hardboiled detective novel with the slightly screwball married detectives novel, a genre which is probably best exemplified by the Mr. and Mrs. North books by Francis and Richard Lockridge. But then Dresser sold movie rights to the Mike Shayne character, and the Hollywood moguls didn't want a married private eye. So, between the novels MURDER WAVES A MUMMER'S MASK (also published as IN A DEADLY VEIN) and BLOOD ON THE BLACK MARKET, Phyllis Shayne died in childbirth, along with her child. Or did she? In the story that Livia and I did, the appearance of a woman who looks like Phyllis, who has Phyllis's memories, and who claims to be Phyllis, complicates Mike Shayne's life and eventually puts him in deadly danger. This story was called by one knowledgeable fan writer the best Shayne magazine story ever. It led into one that was even better received.

"Nighm in the Magic City", October 1980, was the lead story in a special theme issue featuring crimes in other times. Most of the stories in the issue took place in the past, including one that Livia and I did under our own names which featured an ancient Roman emperor as the detective. The Mike Shayne story was a flashback to the events leading up to Phyllis Shayne's death in 1943. Shayne was involved in a case involving spies, saboteurs, Clark Gable, Franklin Roosevelt, and plenty of Forties atmosphere. Critic Jeff Banks, writing in the fan journal THE FORGOTTEN PEN, called it the equal of any of Dresser's work of that length, with the exception of "A Taste for Cognac". To someone like me, who was modeling his work after Dresser, that was high praise indeed. I've always felt that the primary responsibility of a writer who is continuing someone else's character is to do the stories in the same way that the original author might have done them. With the Mike Shayne stories, I seemed to be succeeding.

Which is not to say that I wasn't putting my own slant on the stories. I included obscure references to such things as Woody Allen movies, comic books, and television series. I did a take-off on Orson Welles' film noir classic, WILL OF EVIL, and one on the old Bob Hewert television show. At the urging of Chuck Fritch, I created a recurring Oriental villainess, the Black Lotus, who would return to plague Shayne twice more. Her grandfather was Fu Manchu, although this was never stated in any of the stories. She made her debut in "Black Lotus", January 1981, and came back in "Death From The Sky", July 1981, and "Doomsday Island", February 1982. The latter two stories were my tributes to the Man From U.N.C.L.E. and saw Shayne in the role of unwilling secret agent. "Doomsday Island" was dedicated to "Robert Hart Davis", the house name that Leo Margulies used on the U.N.C.L.E. stories in the magazines he did based on those television series.

Shayne got mixed up with witches ("Killer's Eve", November 1980), a Jack the Ripper style murderer ("The Stalker of Biscayne Bay", May 1981), a Ninja assassin ("Midnight Wind", August 1981), a werewolf ("The Full Moon Means Murder", October 1981), a movie crew making a cheap horror film ("Death in the Dailies", December 1981), and a ghostly killer ("Murder From Beyond the Grave", October 1982). He traveled, visiting Acapulco in "Murder in Paradise", June 1980, and Texas in "Death in Texas", September 1982. A circus in its winter quarters provided the backdrop for "All the Faces of Fear", December 1980, and major league baseball was the focus for "Three Strikes - You're Dead!", March 1981. In one of my favorite stories, "Killer's Cruise", written to mark the 25th anniversary of the magazine in September 1981, several real people make cameo appearances, including Livin and myself, one of my favorite writer, Michael Avallone (who wrote a few Shayne stories himself and whose El Noon novels are classics in the private eye field), and a fellow named Tom Johnson. (I should point out that the Tom Johnson in this story may be named after the esteemed publisher of the magazine you're holding, but otherwise they are in no way similar. If you've read the story, you know why I'm saying this!)

Despite all the enjoyment I was getting from writing these stories, nothing lasts forever. Livin and I collaborated on a historical novel entitled THE EMERALD LAND and sold it to Fawcett Gold Medal Books. During the writing of it, Chuck Fritch allowed me to shorten the length of the Mike Shayne stories so that I would still have time to do them. We also sold a romance novel that has never been published (and don't look for it anytime soon), and I was developing something of a reputation, low-key though it was, as a ghost writer. I did men's adventure novels and historical sagas, as well as some straight mysteries, and my time for writing Shayne was getting shorter and shorter. To be honest, the fact that the magazine was getting slower and slower in its payment was a factor, too. Finally, I had to tell Chuck that I was leaving the series. It was a friendly parting, and I still continued to do an occasional short story for MMH. As a favor to a friend of mine named John Baker, I did one final Shayne story, "Fishing for Murder", December 1984, and modeled one of the characters after John. I had missed doing the stories, enjoyed this one very much, and might have done some more, but the magazine ceased publication less than a year later, before I got the chance.

Livin and I have continued to write novels, working separately for the most part. At present I am writing a Western series for a major publisher, working under a house name. In fact, of my fifteen-plus novels, only one has been published under my own name. And that doesn't bother me a bit. I consider myself a fictioneer, an entertainer who spins a good yarn to keep the reader flipping the pages for a few hours. For myself, I don't know of a better or more honorable profession. And I might never have made it without Sylvia Kleiman, Sam Mervin, Chuck Fritch, my talented wife Livin ...

And a big redhead from Miami named Michael Shayne.

A READER/SHAYNE BIBLIOGRAPHY

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NOTE: an * are those novels
collaborated with L.J. Washburn.
** indicates L.J. Washburn
wrote the story solo.



HERBERT "PAPA" YATES, THE DRIVING FORCE OF REPUBLIC STUDIOS, WAS BORN IN BROOKLYN, N.Y., ON AUGUST 24, 1880. HE WAS EDUCATED AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

YATES MADE IT BIG AS A TOBACCO SALES EXECUTIVE AT THE AGE OF 18. HE ENTERED THE MOVIE BUSINESS IN 1910, WHEN HE FINANCED SEVERAL COMEDY FILMS STARRING ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE. SEVERAL YEARS LATER HE MANAGED TO SET UP HIS OWN PROCESSING LABORATORY THAT EVENTUALLY LED TO HIS FORMING REPUBLIC PICTURES CORP. AT FIRST YATES PREFERRED TO REMAIN BEHIND THE SCENES, HIS TIGHT-FISTED HARD DRIVING METHODS WERE THE FORCE BEHIND THE STUDIO'S SUCCESSFUL METHODS OF OPERATIONS.



THE STUDIO'S FIRST RELEASE UNDER THE NEW REPUBLIC BANNER WAS IN 1935 ENTITLED "WESTWARD HO" STARRING JOHN WAYNE. BY THE START OF THE FOLLOWING YEAR THE STUDIO HAD SUCCESSFULLY PRODUCED 17 MORE FEATURES AND FOUR ACTION-PACKED SERIALS.

NEXT TO THEIR EXCEPTIONALLY FINE WE STERNS, THEIR SERIALS HAD BECOME THE LEADERS IN THE MOVIE BUSINESS.



DURING THE YEARS 1936-1937, WHEN HERBERT YATES WAS HEAD OF REPUBLIC STUDIOS-66 SERIALS WITH WELL-TOID-ACTION FILLED ENTERTAINMENT HAD BEEN FILMED TOTAL "B" WESTERNS IN THOSE GOLDEN YEARS-386, PLUS A VARIETY OF OTHER FEATURE FILMS.



HERBERT "PAPA" YATES

HEAD OF THE "THRILL FACTORY"-REPUBLIC STUDIO

BY THE TIME WWII HAD BEGUN, YATES' STUDIO HAD MAINTAINED ITS PEAK OF FILM MAKING-REPUBLIC HAD BECOME THE LEADER... SUCCESS LASTED UNTILL THE 1950'S WHEN TELEVISION ENTERED THE SCENE. "PAPA" YATES MARRIED ONE OF THE LEADING STARS OF HIS STUDIO, VERA HRUBA RALSTON, AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER RETIRED FROM THE BUSINESS IN 1957.

THIS ONE TIME POVERTY ROW STUDIO HAD DEVELOPED SOME OF THE GREATEST ACTION STARS IN SCREEN HISTORY.

YATES PASSED AWAY IN 1966. UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP THE STUDIO PRODUCED SOME OF THE GREATEST SERIALS EVER SEEN ON THE SILVER SCREEN.

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Marie DeHanna



STARTING AGAIN - 3 by Robert Sampson

(NOTE Although persistently annoyed by swarms of gnats, Bob Sampson proudly continues his revelations of things past and totally forgotten by all decent people. In this installment he discusses How To Make \$100,000 in Your Spare Time By Collecting Old Magazines, and reveals little known facts in the career of Olickson Thorpe, psychic investigator.)

The very first pulp magazine I read in all my life was a coverless and terribly tattered copy of "The Man of Bronze." This was in a West Virginia barber shop. The barber was extremely slow and I read over half the cover before the haircut was finished. When my father, my brother, and I left the shop, the novel remained behind, and I wondered for years how it all ended. I had no notion that it would be forty years before I found out.

I began with Doc Savage but it was The Shadow who set me on fire and started my first accumulation of magazines. And it was The Shadow who started me again in 1968, when I began to collect pulps seriously once more.

Life would have been a great deal simpler if I had stuck with The Shadow. But what did I care for simplicity? I did it my way -- which is to say, with a maximum of confusion, error, and waste motion. The first thing I did wrong was to begin collecting four or five major series at the same time. I mean major series: The Shadow, Doc Savage, and The Phantom Detective were the primaries; The Ghost Detective, The Avenger, Planet Stories, Fantastic Novels, and Famous Fantastic Mysteries being the second choices. I can hardly believe that anyone could have been so stupid.

And yet there was at least one good reason -- you could get most of the magazines and the prices, per issue, were nominal. Within a short time, however, I found myself buying in quantity and then the cost was something else. Not nominal by any means.

At the time, I still considered myself a reader. Collecting, per se, was for someone who was emotionally disturbed. And it was as a reader that I contrived to saddle myself with a gang of Shadow excerpts.

You don't see excerpts around much anymore. To those who have not gone this way, let me explain: An excerpt was a disemboweled magazine. It consisted of one or both covers, maybe the title page, and the main novel. Sometimes a single short story was also included. These fragments were stapled together, then mercilessly trimmed at the top, bottom, and right side. A new spine was then formed of brown paper tape. The top and product could then be sat on a shelf and occupy no more than three-quarters the same space of an unutilized magazine.

Just why anyone would go to all this trouble is beyond me. But he/she/or it did. With the result that at one time or another, you could find numerous Shadow, Avenger, Doc Savage, and Phantom excerpts floating around. The price was \$1.00. Since the magazines which had been torn up to produce the excerpts all appeared to have been in excellent condition, the whole concept gives you a sort of crawling feeling now. The same feeling you get when realizing that the ozone layer is being depleted right overhead.

Anyhow, I picked up a number of Shadow excerpts from 1937 and 1939. I wanted the stories and I got them. Later, after I replaced the excerpts with complete magazines, then I discovered that excerpts were not exactly easy things to get rid

of. They tended to be scorned by people who liked to see spines and have all their magazines the same size. After an extended period of time, I managed to trade them off at ruinous rates of exchange and got out of the excerpt business. It was, like getting engaged, easier to get into than out of.

At the same time I was play-toying around with excerpts, I was also buying numbers of Shadows from Richard Minter, over in Eden, North Carolina. Everybody needs a little luck in collecting and Richard Minter was my luck. I was inexperienced, uninformed, and given to folly (characteristics which have remained woefully constant through my career). Richard was sympathetic, tolerant, and helpful beyond need or reason. If his business was that of selling magazines, he approached it in as low a key as to be almost inaudible. With the patience of a granite asist, he answered my muddled letters. He poured out detailed information from a lifetime of daily experience with pulps. He remembered everything. He explained everything, sending neatly written 5 x 7" sheets done in blue ink, with his name stamped large at the top of the first page. He was the instructor every fledgling collector should have. Lord knows how many other people he had guided through the maze. As far as I could tell, then and now, he put out immense effort for very slender return. My bills for the magazines that I bought have long since been paid; but my personal debt to Richard for decades of personal help still remains. It was a major blow to the pulp community when this fine man retired.

So I bought Shadows from Richard. He must have had private lines into a huge warehouse of magazines, for he customarily offered twice as many as I could afford. According to my notes from that time, I bought issues dated from 1937 through 1945. Most of them seemed priced at \$1.60, a curious figure which, I suppose, sopped up a trifle of the postage. The 1941 and 1942 issues were among the most beautiful magazines I have ever seen. They looked as if they'd just been purchased off the news stand, unblemished, clean, white, lovely. The 1942 stories were rather dull, I discovered, but the magazines were beyond criticism. I have never received such fresh copies.

Curiously enough, the Doc Savages from the same period cost 50-75c more. Apparently Doc was selling better at the time and I suspect that the root cause was the McGregor series in Bronze Shadows. Magazines emphasized in that publication tended to become dearer faster. If so, you can blame Fred Cook for the exotic prices later attached to Wu Fang and the Pine Mystery issues. Or maybe not. All you need to do to cause prices to jump is to have two or three collectors competing between themselves for particular titles. Each of them writes all over the country, shaking the bushes and penting hotly. Then the people who want to trade with those two or three collectors start asking for those titles. And before you know it, the price has advanced from \$1.60 to \$2.75, because "Everybody wants that title."

But if you want to blame Fred Cook, please feel free to do so.

There were so many titles from the late 1930s and early 1940s to be bought that there was no way I could afford the earlier dates. For a time, I resolutely pretended that they weren't there, ignoring Minter's occasional offering of a 1935 Shadow for \$3.50. One day, however, I sent in an auction bid for 6 or 8 coverless or otherwise defective Shadows from 1933 and 1934. The bid was ridiculously small and to my profound amazement, it won.

And thereafter, problems.

I waited two weeks, three weeks. No package. Waited a few days more.

Nothing.

Wrote inquiring about the shipment. There followed another long silence.

Wrote again, pretty hot. And this time, a package and a letter arrived in the same mail.

First things first. I pulled open the package, which was coated with tape, like a football player's ankle. When I finally got the end off the package, a stream of water poured out. Inside were nestled eight Shadows, entirely saturated. I squeezed one lightly and got a rill of water from it.

The letter explained all -- sort of. The package had been one of several stolen in Chicago. The thief tore the package open, discovered only magazines inside, and discarded it. It lay undiscovered in a puddle for several days, then was rescued by the Post Office, which found enough of an address left to forward it to me as damaged property. Well, that's how it was explained and maybe so; otherwise I'd have to believe that someone opened the package and poured in a quart of water before re-sealing.

I elected not to file an insurance claim with the Post Office, assuming that if they'd settle for five cents a book, I'd be lucky. I took the magazines to pieces and hung those dripping pages all over the upstairs of the house. After some days, they dried. And very wrinkled they were, too. Eventually I reassembled them all.

You would figure that they promptly turned brittle and fell to pieces, wouldn't you? But that didn't happen. I still have two of them, complete magazines with both covers, neither good nor poor but -- you know -- sort of in between. But they show no bad effects from their bath. One was a 1933 issue, the other a 1934. And nothing has happened to them, other than a few pages are still sort of wavy. Whatever paper Street & Smith was using at that time, it was certainly water resistant.

Some years later, I ran into another batch of water-logged magazines. The ending was rather different. My daughter, Cynthia, had a dedicated suitor who noticed that I was into pulps. One day he showed up carrying a bushel basket full of pulps. This he plunked down on the porch, explaining that he'd better not bring it into the house. If I could use the magazines, I could have them. They had -- he also explained -- been sitting in a shed with a broken roof. And so they had.

Apparently all the rainwater in Alabama had flowed for weeks across those magazines. We turned the bushel basket upside down and out they came -- a solid block of mush. Water had melted them into a glob of paper. Every page had interpenetrated the next page. A shame. As best I could tell, the stack had consisted of Argosy from around 1919 and Argosy All-Story Weekly from 1920-1921. With some difficulty, I pried the lump apart. There, at the center of the mess, grew a huge black fungus, slimed and horrible. I was able to scrape out four covers, more or less whole. All the rest had to be pitched in the trash. To this day, I have no notion how many magazines had been in that basket. Whatever the number, they had died shamefully. I would have given them a hero's burial by fire, but good grief, you would have needed a thermit bomb to make an impression on them.

Major disasters, such as those Shadows and Argosys, tend to stick in your mind. They focus your attention. On the other hand, a disaster sometimes turns to gold. This happened with four 1933 Doc Savage I bought from the Hollywood Book Shop or the Collector's Book Shop in Hollywood or some such name as that. Al Grossman had sent me the address. They were high, he warned me, but they had a lot of good old stuff.

He was right! They were sad they did. Among the listings, I noticed four Docs that lacked spines. The price was modest and, what the heck, I had no 1933s at all. Besides, I was a reader etc. etc. etc. So I ordered and, when they arrived, I had four very attractive 1933s, sound, solid, faintly off-white, with brown paper tape where the spines had been. The tape came off as soon as I touched it. True -- no spines on two of them. On the other two, I found the tape had covered bright fresh spines, completely whole, completely lovely. Every now and then, you win one by accident.

THE

MASTER OF MEN!

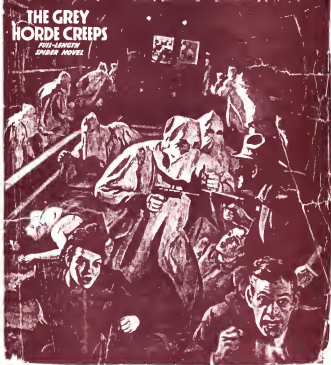


10¢

SPIDER

THE GREY
HORDE CREEPS

FULL-LENGTH
SPIDER NOVEL





SPIDER NOTES

By Nick Carr

THE above sketch from the pen of John Fleming Gould is one of my favorite portraits of Richard Wentworth. We hope you agree.

Here now are a few random observations from my Spider notebook scribbled over a period of time and forgotten in my desk:

The two violin pieces Wentworth played in "The Spider Strikes," were Kreisler's Caprice Viennoise, and Tartini's The Devil's Trill.

Speaking of titles, the May, 1942 novel, "The Spider and the Death Piper," was originally called "Slaves of the Fleshless Minstrel," which I seem to like much better.

In "Hell Rolls on the Highways," September, 1942, Wentworth had a cracked rib. It was Nita Van Sloan who took care of it: "It's nothing serious," Wentworth told her, "the sixth below the left shoulder blade. Only one rib." Then Nita's strong fingers pressed the rib into correct alignment, and she began to strap on the adhesive,

Also from that same novel we are treated to Wentworth's driving skills, which were remarkable to say the least.

One of the best references to the personality makeup of the Master of Men is found in the explanation given by author Grant Stockbridge in "The Council of Evil," October, 1940. He wrote as follows: "Wentworth must in his fight against lawlessness place his purpose so high as to transcend all other pursuits, including that most human of all emotions: Love. He must be every inch a gentleman, for a gentleman may walk with a king or a beggar and not forfeit one iota of dignity. Yet at the same time this man must possess attributes required to strike mortal terror into the very hearts of those jackals who seek to prey upon their law-abiding fellow men."

One of the few to return to plague the Master of Men who had the imprint of the Spider's seal upon his forehead was Moulin in "The Council of Evil," October, 1940.

In a series of three stories, September, October, and November of 1938, The Spider faces The Black Police who were led by an underworld figure known as The Master. The novels are: The City That Paid To Die, The Spider At Bay, and Scourge of the Black Legion. All recommended for good reading.

There are only two stories that remain in my mind when it comes to the subject of starvation. One is a Spider novel called "The City That Dared Not Eat," October, 1937, and an OPERATOR 5 story, "Legions of Starvation," December, 1934.

The October, 1934 story titled "Builders of the Black Empire," had on its index page, "Builders of the Dark Empire."

When Wentworth resided in the Hopecrest apartments (near Central Park West in New York City), the elevator operators, porters, doormen, were all ex-soldiers, most recruited from his own battalion in World War One. Each had been given a service revolver and knew how to use it.

In "Dictator of the Damned," June, 1937, Wentworth decided to release his three trusted aides free service. (This all followed the dramatic saga of the living Pharaoh stories). "I have," Wentworth told them at dinner, "established a trust fund for all of you, which will give you an income amply sufficient to live in comfort for the rest of your lives."

"What of the Spider?" asked Ram Singh. "Does he retire also?"

"The Spider, my friends, is dead," Wentworth replied. "Let him remain the myth and legend that he has always been. Let us forget that there ever was such a person as The Spider." (Naturally things didn't work out as planned and shortly The Spider was back in action again).

In this same novel Commissioner Stanley Kirkpatrick was confined to a mental ward in the New York Hospital for the Insane. Can you who read my words picture this scene: Kirkpatrick was motionless on the bed. He was clad in pajamas, and the upper part of his body was firmly and cruelly encased in a straightjacket. His ankles were handcuffed to the bedpost. He lay with his eyes closed, breathing with great difficulty because of the wicked pressure upon his chest by the straight jacket. When the doctor arrived Kirkpatrick opened his eyes: "Damn you, take this damned straightjacket off!" he shouted.

"You must realize that you are here for your own good," the doctor said. "I trust that within a reasonable time I shall be able to cure you of this dreadful malady that afflicts you--"

"I promise you that if I ever get out of this straightjacket," Kirkpatrick echoed, "I'll throttle you with my own hands!"

"That is a threat which I shall remember, Mr. Kirkpatrick. Perhaps--" the doctor bent low and whispered--"you will never come out of that straightjacket!"

One Spider novel I enjoy re-reading now and again is "Machine Guns Over The White House," September of 1937. Blinky McQuade has quite a tale; Wentworth gets himself wounded (again)--this time a bullet broke the shoulder blade, went through the lung, just missing his heart. He stayed in bed for about a month before answering the call to action again; we observe the President of the United States manipulating a machine gun.

In "The Devil's Paymaster," May, 1941, The Spider fought a death-battle at the base and inside of the Statue of Liberty.

For a sketch of the cigarette lighter used by Wentworth we suggest you see (page 14) of "The Spider and the Jewels of Hell, December, 1940.

In "The Spider and the Ruin Master," January, 1940, we learn an interesting fact as Wentworth is engaged in a gun exchange with a house detective: Looking down he could see that the man at the window was peering toward the roof below. In a moment he would look up. That ascent would seal the Spider's fate, for the man at the window down there was the house detective, and he had a gun in his hand. With the resourcefulness of one who had taught himself by rigid training to meet the swiftest emergency with swift action, Wentworth drew one of his automatics. But he did not fire. Instead of shooting, the Spider sent his automatic spinning out through the darkness toward the roof below. He threw it just two seconds before the house detective began to turn his head upward, so that the man did not catch the flash of steel as it sped downward at a wide angle, over to the left. The Spider had seen the gun in the man's right hand. Knowing then that the detective was right-handed, he was able to tell which way he would turn his head when he was ready to look up. Long and interesting tests in the New York Laboratory of Psychological Research, endowed indirectly by the Spider, were constantly being conducted to ascertain and catalogue the normal reactions of human beings under any given set of circumstances. And one of those tests had proved conclusively that a right-handed man will turn his head to the right, while a left-handed man will turn his head to the left, when he looks around! (Thus when the Spider threw that gun out toward the left, it was just at the moment when the house detective in the window below was turning his head towards the right, in order to look upward. So he did not notice the hurtling automatic. A second-and-a-half later, the weapon struck the roof below. Wentworth had elipped off the safety catch before hurling it, so that when it hit, the gun exploded thunderously).

In "The Spider and the Faceless One," November, 1939, Nita Van Sloan faced death on the guillotine: A narrow tower of old stained wood had been erected against the wall. It was wedged tightly between ceiling and floor, and there was a knife between its side-beams--a knife that was a triangle of glistening steel, sharpened to a razor edge and heavily weighted above. Munro had erected a guillotine! (This brings to mind an Operator 5 story, "Blood Reign of the Dictator," May, 1935, when Diane Elliot was sentenced to die on the guillotine by President Graus Young; instantly the two masked troopers thrust Diane Elliot forward. They forced her to kneel, fixed her throat against the notched board of the machine of execution. The executioner picked up the rope connected with the trip of the weighted blade. One jerk of the rope, Operator 5 knew, would send the keen, knife slicing down through Diane's neck.

Another favorite method often utilized was hanging. In "The City That Paid To Die," September, 1938, Nita Van Sloan was set to meet her death by this method. (With a slight variation that is). This time hurriedly erected of great timbers, it was a no-trap platform that had been built. Two uprights had been braced into place and, across the top, fifteen feet above the level of the roof--there was a cross-piece, like the lintel of a giant's doorway. Over that dangling ropes had been tossed. Plainly, the victims were to be hoisted by the hangnoses and allowed to strangle slowly.

In "The Mayor of Hell," January, 1936, Wentworth's valuable Stradivarius violin was destroyed when he was attacked by members of the underworld.

That's it from my discovered notebook. More later.



Why a portrait drawing of Jack Mahoney, along with the black outfitted "Durango Kid"? Well, most of you western fans knew that Charley Starrett, who played the role of Durango actually did the "tough" stunts which were loaded within his great Columbia westerns. Jack, who was the same height and physical build of Starrett, made his ideal double. The only way I "taught on" that Starrett was using a stunt man, was that Mahoney always wore ocassine when he doubled Starrett. Of course Charley had several previous stunt men such as Jay Wixely (Buffalo Bill, Jr.), and Ted Hayes as two of his early ones - but it was Jack that stuck with him for a good number of his thrilling series.

As you perhaps know, Mahoney went on to bigger and better things such as playing the lead in his own series and chapter-plays. Like most of the western movie stars, Jack turned to television - and wound up working for Gene Autry in his "Flying A" Productions. He and young Dick Jones became the famous pair in the "Range Rider" television series. This great show made the chart of the top ten for several seasons. Jack then became the lead in his "Nancy Derringer" series - and another series followed.

Today Jack Mahoney can actually state that he was a great part of the "Durango Kid" - and believe me it was his great riding and stunt work that helped make him a legend!

DOUBLE DARE

by Howard Hopkins

There are many double occurrences through out the course of Doc Savage's 182 adventures. Probably the most famous is the incident in the incredible saga of FEAR GAY, in which author Lester Dent kills a minor villain, resurrects him a few chapters later, then proceeds to kill him again. Perhaps not as many lives as a cat, but not bad for a homosepin.

Then there is the case of MURDER MELODY and THE OTHER WORLD, both of which contain a female lead possessed of the unusual name Lavin. In this case, one saga was penned by Laurence Donovan, the other by Lester Dent so this case may not be as unusual.

But there is another such double occurrence in the series; contained within the eerie pages of the classic Doc novel THE GOLDEN MAN and the August, 1946 saga of THREE TIMES A CORPSE. Both novels involve significant sleep aboard a sea vessel named The Virginia Dare.

In THE GOLDEN MAN, Mark and Ron are sailing aboard the ocean liner when a mysterious, black star, surrounded by blood-red light, appears in the evening sky. Presently, an unusual "golden" man is pulled from the sea under the star, naked and predicting disaster for the liner Virginia Dare. That disaster comes as the vessel sinks to the ocean floor quite near the time the mysterious passenger had predicted. But this would not be the last appearance for The Virginia Dare, even if it would't be the same ship.

In the perplexing saga of THREE TIMES A CORPSE (I've yet to establish what this title has to do with the story, except for one brief reference in the early part of the yarn), Doc is in Miami on a long deserved vacation when his solitude is rudely interrupted, while eating dinner at the hotel restaurant, as a bullet crashes through his table. This begins a chain of mysterious incidents that pyramid until Doc finds himself aboard the Chesapeake Bay bugeye The Virginia Dare.

"The design was the one called Chesapeake Bay bugeye, which meant that she had a flat bottom, a centerboard, a rakish clipper bow, and the masts slanted back at a dashing angle." I wonder which boat Dent was really describing.

Doc spends most of his journey aboard The Virginia Dare concealed under a wet seal, suffering from a cracked rib incurred by being blasted with a rifle, twice, in the chest.

Thus Virginia Dare doesn't end up at the bottom of the ocean as does the first one. Instead it lands near a small island where criminals are diving for something lying under the waves near the inlet. Doc clears up the mystery but the vessel is set afire by opposing forces and the ship, presumably, goes to pieces.

It can be seen from both these novels that any ship called The Virginia Dare had about as much life expectancy as did the man who dies twice in FEAR GAY.

Why Lester Dent used this name twice, or where he got the name in the first place, is a mystery, at least to this writer. But the coincidence is interesting as was the case with the other double occurrences in the series. The Virginia Dare sailed the salty oceans twice, and twice was it destroyed. Unlike the mythical ghost ship The Flying Dutchman, The Virginia Dare would not sail the oceans eternally through the stormy pages of Doc Savage Magazine.

MORE ON CANADIAN PULPS

by John Roy

Further to my earlier article on Canadian Pulps I have discovered two more magazines that somehow had been mislaid. (Which is easy in any pulp collector's library.)

The first is "Dynamic Western" for July (no year), Vol.48 #7. It was published bi-monthly by Alval Publishers of Canada, Ltd. at Suite 304, 95 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Thus we now have a fourth publishing house to add to Adam, Daring and Duchesne.

This particular issue is 10 1/2" x 8" and bears the following notice on the Contents Page:

CANADIAN READERS

To meet printing difficulties in Canada, the publishers of "DYNAMIC WESTERN" magazine are pleased to present this new, enlarged edition as a regular feature, especially for Canadian readers - with bigger pages and longer, more action-packed stories than ever before.

Written by the best of Western story-tellers, each thrilling Western yarn is a complete, full-length novelette that will capture your attention from beginning to end.

REMEMBER - THERE'S MORE FOR YOUR MONEY NOW IN THE BIGGER AND BETTER "DYNAMIC WESTERN" MAGAZINE.

This blurb, plus the numbering (Vol.48, #7) suggests we have an American company setting up a Canadian office for their magazine. (Was there a U.S. "Dynamic Western", and if so does the numbering match?)

Looking back at my other copy of "Dynamic Western", dated Feb. 1942, you will see it is numbered Vol.2, #2, which suggests to me that the U.S. publishers dropped their interest in favor of a Canadian product, presumably some time in 1941. (I'm assuming the 'July' issue was in 1941.) This would also mean that Alval, like Daring, merged with Adam. It will be noted that both issues contain stories by Luke Price and Nelson Dunn.

If the Adam product was on schedule and used 6 issues to the volume, Vol. 1 # 1 would be Aug. 1941, and thus (again) if the Alval issue was 1941 it would be the only Canadian issue so numbered. But this is pure conjecture on my part.

Alval Publishers of Canada, Ltd. Toronto.

Dynamic Western July (no year)

Vol. 48 # 7

Smoky Signs Up For Trouble
Justice Aide A Gun Slick
Gun Crazy
Bud Jones On The Job
The Smoky King
Chore For A Six-Gun Kid
Dry-Gulch Killer
Guilty Conscience
Round-Up Time
Mystery Ranch

Luke Price
Lon Keller
Alexander Martini
C.V.Tench
Michael Slater
James Shaffer
Nelson Dunn
Lee Anderson
P. Brenner
C.V.Tench

The other magazine I uncovered is another copy of Dare-Devil Detective Stories, published by Adam rather than Daring, thus further evidence of Adam taking over in early 1942.

Adam Publishing Company, Toronto.

Dare-Devil Detective Stories March, 1942

Vol. 1 # 10

Death Is An Apple
Drawer For Murder
Death Jumpers
A Question of Timing
Bob Martin Beats A Racket
Give Them A Bath
The Murderous Thumb
The Prince Of Pickpockets
From The File
A New Racket
Below Deck

Fredrick S. Squires
John Brandar
James Nardon
Rod Clarke
C.V.Tench
Anthony Hartman
Terry McShane
Stanley Nelson
A Department
A. Marshall Dieton
David Roberts

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JOSEPH LA FERRA
Box 28 Corey Lane
Mendham, N.J. 07945

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

HERO AND WEIRD MENACE PULPS

I'm looking for:

SPIDER, OPERATOR #3, WU FANG, DR. YEN SIN, FLYING ACES' THE GRIFFON, POPULAR DETECTIVE'S DR ZENG, PHANTOM DETECTIVE, etc.

Top dollar paid. Send condition and price to Joseph LaFerrra, Box 28 Corey Lane, Mendham, N.J. 07945.

THE PULP HEROES AND THE DEATH SYNDROME, or: A Death-Defying Act

by TOM JOHNSON, LINK HULLAR, DOUG ELUS, CHUCK JUZEK, NICK CARR,
HOWARD HOPKINS, & BOB SAMPSON

(I) FORWARD

by Tom Johnson



Pearls of Pauline!

Remember those wonderful cliffhangers in the Saturday Matinees of our youth when the fifteen minute chapter plays would end at the point where our hero or heroine was in deadly danger? Continued until next week. Same time, same place. A car crashing over a cliff. An explosion in a small, confined area - with our hero tied up and unconscious. Or maybe he was falling from a high cliff when the chapter play ended for the week. But in the very next episode our hero would survive through some death-defying act!

Scenario: In Republic serial, The Man of Bronze, starring Warren Hull as Doc Savage, 1935: On a skeletal frame of a skyscraper, 80 stories above the ground, our hero, Doc Savage, is investigating the metal beams when suddenly there is a barrage of bullets hammering the long narrow beam behind him. With no hesitation, Doc leaps into space away from his narrow perch, 80 floors above the ground! What will happen to our hero? Surely he cannot survive a fall from this great height!

But wait just a minute, this article is not on the Saturday Matinee serials, it's on our pulp magazines. And besides, there was never a Doc Savage serial from Republic, and to my knowledge Warren Hull never portrayed Doc Savage in any media. But what about the life and death situations from those serials; did our pulp heroes ever perform death-defying acts in the pulp magazines? You bet they did. Month after month, issue after issue, our heroes were forced to perform an act to defy death in their many action-packed adventures. And that is what this article is all about.

Now about the scenario I used from the fictitious Republic serial, The Man of Bronze: the first issue of Doc Savage Magazine, March 1933: the scenario, though different, is similar in that Doc finds himself in the swatch tower of a giant skyscraper being built, high above the ground:

The stout wire cables which lifted the elevator cab were barely discernable, A full eight feet out over space they hung. But with a gentle leap, Doc launched out and seized them. Using his coat to protect his palms from the friction heat sure to be generated, he let himself slide down the cables.

Air whished past his ears, plucked at his trouser legs and shirt sleeves. The coat snaked, began to leave a trail of sparks. Halfway down, Doc broke to a stop by tightening his powerful hands, and changed to a fresh spot in his coat ...

And I won't even ride an elevator up 80 stories, let alone down! But this article is not on phobias. Perhaps it borders on heroism. Perhaps it borders on insanity. But it's not really about those, either. When the need arose, our hero would take chances, intentionally or forced, which could have resulted in his death. Have you ever tried to slide down a cable wire - from 80 stories above ground? Don't! It would not be death-defying - it would mean death!

Secret Agent X was an individual who constantly placed his life in danger, usually to save someone else. From CURSE OF THE MANDARIN'S EYE, February 1938, we find the Agent and a young girl locked in a murder room, where they are to be killed by the spores from giant fungus. The act that the Agent chose was one that could easily kill him, but it was necessary if the girl was to survive:

"I am going to stop the growth of this fungus before it reaches the danger stage," the Agent told the girl.

"How?" she asked, round eyed.

The Agent's lips tightened. He knew how to stop it. He didn't want her to know his method. He didn't want to think about it himself. But he could stop it, momentarily, at least.

"Never mind. I have a way of getting things done."

He took a long, contented pull at the cigar. "Tobacco's a strong medicine - this tobacco, anyway. Now listen, I'm going to stop the fungus growth. When I do, this grating will open, because they'll have to fix their apparatus if the show is to go on. That's your cue, Glenda - Glenda, listen to me!"

She was staring in horror at the crawling, growing voracious harvest of parasites that in some parts of the room raised its slimy heads four feet and more from the floor.

Her eyes jerked back to his. "I - I'm listening. Only, please, hurry. We've got to get out of here."

"When the door opens, make a run for it. Throw yourself into Lockland's arms. Turn on the charm. You've got everything it takes. Use it. We've got to have Lockland's help against this devil."

"But you?" she asked, suddenly frightened. Perhaps she knew that she had to have Lockland's help because she wasn't to have the Agent's help after he won her release from their prison.

X looked around at the swollen bulks of fungus. Only a little time remained before the life cycle would be completed and the membranous walls would burst, filling the air with clouds of dust. That dust would be spores; minute, living cells, hungrily seeking flesh on which to feed.

He grabbed Glenda's wrist and pulled her toward the iron grating. His eyes were fastened on the lead wires that came from the tubes in the ceiling, and upon the contact posts to which they were attached. He knew that electrical values were delicately balanced in those tubes. He knew, also, that the conductivity of the human body was sufficient to short that delicately balanced circuit. At the proper moment, he would seize those contact posts in both hands.

It was self-electrocution, he knew. It was agonizing death, but it would cripple the electrical circuit that made the weird violet sunlight in which the fungus thrived. It would mean darkness in the parasite pit. It would mean darkness blanketing across his own brain.

He dared not think about it. Though he had reduced the urge of self-preservation to the minimum in his life of self-sacrifice, still, it had been life and he had loved it.

He simply smiled at the girl, pushed her toward the door, and spring lightly toward the row of contact posts.

To Glenda Race the next few minutes were a nightmare. In the fungus pit were flashing balls of blue-white fire as one circuit after another was broken by the current shunted through the Agent's body. And with every lightninglike flash, her mind and eye photographed the hellish torment of the man who writhed against the panel of contact posts. She saw him, teeth gritted, body convulsed, back arching, twisting until it seemed scarcely the body of a man at all. Then there was darkness in the pit and the slumping sound of a body falling into the slime on the floor

Luckily the girl, Glenda, escaped; and the electricity, though of high potential, had not been sufficiently high in amperage to do permanent damage to Secret Agent X. He lived through his death-defying act and brought the

sustained to his final justice. But his act had been death-defying. It was a chance that the Agent had taken. A chance that could have as easily failed. Perhaps the cigar that he seized had contained a pain killer. Perhaps he knew that the asperage was not enough to kill him. But he certainly took a chance, nevertheless.

(2)

OPERATOR #5 VERSUS THE DEATH SYNDROME

by Nick Carr



PREFACE: Death defying situations were nothing new to any of the pulp heroes. For the most part each one faced this anoxia with great poise and assurance simply because they were different from other men. When facing the grim reaper they did not hesitate; some may have even openly welcomed this challenge in the form of grim, sucking laughter such as The Shadow and The Spider. Somehow they kept their heads about them and survived. In situations of deadly peril they experience no paralysis of the thought mechanism. There is no loss of self-consciousness because it changes with experience.

It is fascinating to read how specific individuals reacted under extreme, often deadly pressure. Each in a different way achieved results and that's what makes it interesting.

Take for example the following from GIVERS OF THE DAMNED, the August 1934 issue: "Diane! The Idol! Swim for it!" Operator 5 watched as Diane hesitated with horror. The water was a black, churning mass. Jimmy forced Diane forward. She stumbled into the water, then swiftly, she began to swim. Operator 5 plunged after her. Black-turbaned heads moved around them; black hands watched at them, attempting to drag them down. Jimmy fought them off; plunging ahead, clearing the water in front of Diane with swift, sharp blows. The water was rising swiftly. Around the idol scores were struggling to keep afloat. Christopher fought his way to the red image, bringing Diane with him. He found a foothold on the base of the idol, lifted her.

Black arms clawed at Diane as she strove to raise herself. Christopher struck them away. Onto the gigantic shoulder of the idol Diane struggled, and brought herself, exhausted, to the huge head as Jimmy

climbed beside her. Above, in the dome of the now flooding temple, the outline of a trap-door was visible. The trap-door moved. It swung up. Into the flaring light of the torches came a face. A voice called: "Jimmy!"

"Tim!" Operator 5 shouted, "help Diane!" Through the black square of the trap-door, the Irish youngster reached a dripping arm. She was hoisted up through the opening.

In the same story Operator 5 faced the dreaded Tiger ants - known as "The Hungry Creatures."

For a moment, no sound. Then, softly a click. Following it, into the room, came a high-pitched, squeaking chorus. At the edge of the floor he saw a black tide moving. He stepped close and saw that the blackness was composed of tiny crawling things. Through the small hole they came crowding, a marching column that spread into an attacking phalanx. A living stream that advanced across the floor. As though with uncanny intelligence, they swang towards the spot where he stood, their antennae waving, black bodies glistening. Christopher stepped quickly, bringing his foot down upon the head of the column. He leaped back. His ankle stung suddenly and bitterly. A score of black ants were crawling over the black sulk of his ankle - milk that had become spotted quickly with flecks of blood. He slapped at the insects; he leaped back as pain pierced his fingers. With horror he watched two of the ants crawl on his hand. He saw their tiny, pincer-like fangs sink into his skin; he saw fragments torn away. Needle-sharp pain followed instantly. Now the black swarm was halfway across the room, flooding thickly in countless thousands. They were beginning to circle the spot on which Christopher stood. They were flooding across the floor like a creeping poison, inescapable in their advance. He retreated before the glistening black swarm. They crowded Operator 5 against the wall. It was an insect army of death!

Jimmy stepped alertly towards an open window that looked into yawning black space. Beneath lay several hundred feet of empty darkness flanked by sheer brick wall. Quickly he reached the fingers of his right hand inside his left sleeve; they seized upon a hard knot. When he drew it out a shimmering length of silken rope followed. It was

slender as a wire and strong. Coiled around and around the sleeve under the lining, it spun out as Operator 5 pulled quickly. Now sharp, stinging sensations stabbed into his ankles; he sprang to the window-sill, crouching. On his shoes and above them the ink-black scores of ants were crawling. Jimmy drove his knuckles hard against the pane beside his head. It shattered out; and he swiftly picked the frame free of its jagged teeth. He whipped the end of the silken cord around the frame and knotted it; he gripped it tightly and swung backwards into the darkness, hanging to the silken cord.

In LEGIONS OF THE DEATH MASTER, July of 1935, we have this situation: And suddenly Jimmy felt the floor yielding beneath his feet. Gradually one edge was lowering, sloping downward at an increasing angle. He looked, startled, as light glared up in his eyes from the cavity below. He glimpsed a bed of straw - wriggling with black reptiles. The cage of cobras lay directly below. And all the support was swinging away - the entire floor of the closet was lowering like a trap-door. He hung breathlessly, peering down into that reptilian hell. Then he was falling. In that swift, desperate moment, his moves were like lightning. He had lost his automatic when the floor had slipped from beneath him, now it lay among the cobras. His right hand streaked to the only other weapon he carried: his rapier. He clicked the belt buckle loose, whipped the flexible scabbard away. The steel flashed in the light as his feet struck the bed of straw. He whirled the blade swiftly about and the razor edge slashed to a darting black head. Blood colored the blade - a snake head flew off. At the same instant his springy muscles flung him backward towards the heavy screen wall. Each step was a threat of death from a reptile possibly coiled in the tufting straw. His rapier whipped back and forth and the stuff flew in a storm as he cleared the way. Back to the screen, he turned to see the black death crawling toward him. His swift movements had aroused hissing defiance from every corner of the cage. Straw rustled with glittering black movement; glossy eyes glowed; within the cage drew a closing circle of doom. He stepped forward alertly; and again his spear whipped out. The body of another snake writhed in place, coloring the straw with its blood. Then a gun blazed in that floorless closet above his head; a bullet whined past his head. He sprang back, out of range, lashing his rapier again. His swift strokes protected him from the crawling death. Coldly desperate, Jimmy whirled against the screen. One sharp thrust drove the slender blade of the rapier through the screen. Sewing against the tough strands, he bore downward, making a slit. Rising death threatened him from behind. He slashed with his rapier again, tore the flaps aside, wrenched through. He was free of the snakes!

In THE BLACK ACES OF DOOM, G-8, the Master Spy looked death in the face: "Strip off his black suit," Herr Gestel ordered. Shortly the Master Spy was left standing in his underclothing. Herr Gestel looked at him. "I think the rats and snakes will have a good feast on you. Now tie him!"

G-8 fought like a wildcat, but he didn't have a chance. Then seized by four men he was carried to the edge of the marsh. His body was sent tumbling to land with a splash in the thick ooze. It covered his face and part of his body and choked him. He heard the hiss of a snake a few feet away, then a heavy thing descended upon his naked shoulder. It was the body of a hungry swamp rat. Lying there, half naked, he was helpless against the attack of the rodents, snakes, swamp flies and mosquitos. He heard the snake hiss again, felt rat claws dig deep into his shoulder. The giant rat was crouched on G-8's shoulder, savage jaws with their needle-edged teeth less than six inches away from his throat. The rat seemed to be waiting for something. The marsh was still as death. Then the Master Spy was aware of something else. He felt something long and slimy and clammy cold, slithering up his legs. Slowly the snake slid over his body. From its weight, he knew it was large. When the snake reached his stomach, G-8 could tell from its movements that it was coiling, preparing to strike. The rat seemed to sense the approach of danger. Suddenly the snake's body lashed out. The snake's head shot up over his chest towards the rat. G-8 felt the impact of the snake's head with the trapped rat's body. A squeal of terror burst from the rat, then died. Slowly, the snake, carrying its victim in its mouth slid off G-8's body and wriggled away into the mire of the marsh. Then G-8 heard a scrapping, as a foot slipping a little on the slimy bark of an exposed tree root. A rasping voice spoke in a whisper so low that it was scarcely audible: "Who are you and why are you here?"

(So G-8 was saved once again.)

DOC SAVAGE AND ⁽⁵⁾THE POLAR TREASURE

by LINK HULLAR

When contacted for my participation in this "death-defying" project, my favorite character, Doc Savage, immediately came to mind. While I have read many pulp stories over the years about a wide variety of characters, none can compare with Doc Savage; my first and favorite pulp hero. It was only natural for me to find my "death-defying act" in the pages of DOC SAVAGE MAGAZINE; and appropriate that I should turn to my first Doc adventure, The Polar Treasure. While one could find a suitable encounter in almost any installment of the bronze hero's adventures, it was this particular adventure which first attracted me to the series and the character some twenty-odd years



ago and I will never forget Doc's death-defying battle with a hungry polar bear. The meeting went like this as Doc stalks:

"Suddenly he caught blurred movement in the whistling abyss. He flashed for it. His hands - hands in which steel bars became plastic as tin strips - were open and ready. His charge was that of a mighty hunter of the wild.

The next instant, Doc became quarry instead of hunter. It was a polar bear he had rushed!

The animal bounded to meet Doc. It seemed clumsy. The awkwardness was only in looks, however. Its speed was as tremendous as its size. It was the most terrible killer of the arctic!

Doc sought to veer aside. The footing was too slippery. Straight into the embrace of the polar monster, he skidded!"

Now that ought to get the pulp fan's blood boiling and pulse racing. Our pulp hero finds himself face to face with a polar bear who has designs on a big bronze lunch. So, how will the man of bronze defy death this time around ...

"It erected on its rear legs. It was far taller than Doc. It flung monster forepaws out to inclose Doc's bronze form. A blow from one of those paws would have crushed down a bull buffalo.

Twisting, half ducking, Doc evaded the paws. His sinewy fingers buried in the fur of the polar monster. A jerk, a lightning flip, put him behind the bear.

Doc's fist swung with explosive force. It seemed to sink inches in the fat flesh of the animal. Doc had struck at a nerve center where his vast knowledge told him there was a chance of stunning the monster.

Bruin was not accustomed to this style of fighting. This small man-thing had looked like an easy quarry. The bear snarled, showing hideous fangs. With a speed that was astounding, considering the size and weight of the beast, it whirled.

Doc had fastened himself to the back of the animal. He clung there solely by the punching power of his great leg muscles. Both his arms were free.

He struck the polar bear just back of the small head. He slugged again, hitting a more vulnerable spot.

Snarling horribly, the terror of the northern wastes sank to the glacier. The animal had met more than its match.

Doc could have escaped easily. But he did not. They needed food and a sleeping robe. Here were both ...

Doc's mighty right arm slipped over the bear's head, just back of the ears. It jerked. A dull pop sounded. A great trembling seized the great, white monster. The fight was over."

No wonder a junior high aged boy thrilled to the adventures of Doc Savage. No wonder a junior high school teacher still thrills to the adventures of that same bronze hero and his fabulous five assistants. Pulp action at its finest can be found in the pages of a Doc Savage adventure novel as he and his sides engage in one after another death-defying acts - that's pulp excitement!

(Continued on next page)

Back issues of ECHES still available at \$3.00 each. #1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,15,16,18,19,20,21,22,23,24,25,26,27,28, 29,30 & 31.

We still need material for the December issue. Our next issue looks good, so stay with us folks. Hope you all had fun at the PulCon!

(4)
A DEATH-DEFYING ACT - THE SHADOW HAZARD

by Doug Ellis

Throughout his illustrious career, The Shadow frequently found himself in hazardous positions. His life was constantly in danger. Often the margin between life and death was razor thin, yet The Shadow prevailed. During nearly every one of his numerous adventures during the 1930's, The Shadow dealt with impossible situations; circumstances where one error in his judgement meant certain death. One slip, and bye-bye black cloak.

It wasn't fair. Due to his high-risk lifestyle, The Shadow would have been hard pressed to find an insurance company willing to insure him against the risks he took every day. And if he did, even Cranston's great wealth wouldn't have been able to afford the premiums.

Yet in one of The Shadow's greatest adventures, Crime, Insured (July 1, 1937), crooks are actually able to insure themselves against him. He's so effective at stamping out crime that he's become known, in the parlance of crime insurance, as "The Shadow Hazard".

MARVIN BRADTHAW - HEAD OF CRIME, INSURED

Crime insurance was the brainchild of millionaire Marvin Bradthaw. The president of Solidarity Insurance Company, Bradthaw saw the money to be made in insuring crime --- a billion dollar industry. As he tells an associate,

"Through the brokers that we chose, we reached the clearest crooks in the underworld. The chaps who call themselves big-shots. They jumped at the offer of crime insurance. They provided us with detailed plans of their schemes. We issued them policies and they paid the premiums." (p. 41)

At first the money pours in on premiums, but soon The Shadow hazard makes its presence felt. Bradthaw is forced to pay a fortune in claims, as The Shadow foils attempted crime after attempted crime. Bradthaw is not pleased. Quite frankly, he despises the heroic crimefighter. In his own words, "The Shadow is a blacked meddler who makes it his unwarranted business to interfere with crime." (p. 40)

And so, he decides to eliminate The Shadow hazard --- permanently.

In attempting to do so, he places The Shadow in one of the toughest spots in his career; a position offering death at any turn; a trap cunningly designed to allow no possible escape.



THE TRAP!

To carry out his evil scheme, Bradshaw turns to a man called Strampf, a wizard of an insurance investigator gone bad. Wizard is an understatement. Within ten days, Strampf figures out that Burke, Hawkins, Mann, Merland, Shrevnitz, and Vincent are agents of The Shadow; discovers Burbank's phone number and traces it to his hidden location; penetrates The Shadow's Lemont Cranston disguise; and most amazingly of all, locates The Shadow's sanctum! And all without the Master of Night suspecting a thing. A command performance.

So the plan is made. Bradshaw and crew correctly deduce that in an emergency, The Shadow will retreat to his sanctum to plot his campaign. Accordingly, they decide to create that emergency, and turn the sanctum itself into a death-trap from which there is no escape!

The stage is set, the criminals act. Every agent that Strampf has identified is captured, including Burbank. Hordes from gangdom appear on the streets of Manhattan to hunt down The Shadow. The cloaked master suspects nothing of the true situation, and performs the

...very sort of move that Marvin Bradshaw had anticipated.

The Crime Executive had arranged this display of crooks for The Shadow's benefit. To The Shadow, it looked overdone; but he took that as evidence of Bradshaw's naivness to crime. The case was quite the contrary.

Bradshaw wanted The Shadow to drop the part of Cranston. The supercrook had chosen the right way to do it. (p. 47)

The Shadow takes evasive action. Hurtles out of his limo. Speeds uptown in a taxi. Still followed. Leaps on board an elevated train, mocking his pursuers -- but Bradshaw has foreseen this action. Crooks had boarded the stop before, are now waiting with guns drawn.

Rather than fight where innocent passengers could get injured, The Shadow rushes his foes, grapples, breaks free. Vaults off the train; catches the last car of a passing train; is whisked away from harm.

The Shadow had eluded all pursuit. In the clear, he could evade the cordons of underworld men who sought him.

Speedily, The Shadow would reach his sanctum. From that base, he intended to prepare a counterthrust against crime. Always, in the past, the sanctum had proven the perfect stronghold in emergency. (p. 48)

CERTAIN DEATH!

For once, The Shadow has seriously erred. The past is not the present. The shadow of death looms large over his once-secure haven. Arriving there, he is faced with what may be the toughest situation of his incredible career. How he extricates himself from his impossible predicament is classic Shadow.

Entering, The Shadow sees a light on his sanctum wall flashing -- Burbank is seeking contact with his master. Answering the call, The Shadow hears the voice of an imposter. It had completely fooled his agents; he isn't deceived at all. The Shadow's senses are incredibly keen. Immediately he realizes what's happened, why none of his agents had reported earlier. They have been captured by Bradshaw and need his aid. But even as these thoughts flash lightning-like

through his mind, he realizes his own desperate predicament. By answering the call from the false Burbank, he has let crooks know that he's in his sanctum.

In the next two minutes, The Shadow made a rapid calculation. He figured what Bradshaw's policy would be. Scores of mobsters would arrive here without delay, to surround the building that contained the hidden sanctum. Beyond those shock troops would be other cordons.

Instead of a piece of security, the sanctum had become a snare. Men of evil had guessed the location of The Shadow's stronghold. (p. 50)

He whirls out -- too late. Hundreds of gangsters were quartered in nearby buildings; they've already arrived. But it will take more than this to affect the calculating, rational thinking of The Shadow. He swiftly but calmly analyzes his unanticipated plight.

In those tense moments, The Shadow foresaw exactly what Bradshaw's course would be. Crooks would plant explosives throughout the ground floor of the building, and dynamite the whole structure from its moorings. That would be a sure way to finish The Shadow.

If The Shadow attempted to make a break before the blast came, lights would glare everywhere in this district. The Shadow would be in the center of a crook-manned area, faced by odds that even he could not overcome.

A break would be as bad as a wait. Either meant sure death. (p. 50)

Facing sure death, no matter which course of action he chooses, The Shadow utilizes his knowledge of the criminal mind. For years he has been their mightiest nemesis. Time and again his booming automatics and mocking laugh have put an end to crime. The Shadow knows many things. He especially knows what every gangster wants more than anything. They each want to be known as the one who finishes off their dreaded foe, "the Shadow". This knowledge opens up another avenue.

There was one other course that seemed even worse; nevertheless, it carried the unexpected. That, to The Shadow, offered a possible advantage. He made the move. (p. 50)

With The Shadow, one must expect the unexpected. By going with this third course of action, The Shadow changes the rules of the game. Rather than meeting the danger head-on, as Bradshaw assumed he must, The Shadow resorts to two of his greatest weapons -- subterfuge and cunning. No longer is it a situation in which he was surprised; with characteristic vigor he seizes the initiative, turning the tables. For one brief instant, he is in control. It may be enough.

This unexpected action?

He fleetingly rises from his sanctum -- his blasé blessing and his laugh taunting those who dare oppose him. And then, before crooks can return fire, he ducks back into his stronghold. Forgetting their foolproof plan in the face of this scornful defiance, the angry mob rushes to blow up the sanctum's door. The Shadow's laughing challenge echoing in their ears. Inside his sanctum, The Shadow hears the boom as this first barrier to his headquarters is blown up and knows.

His incredible perception of the criminal mind has paid dividends once again. He has guessed correctly.

Bradshaw, wisely, had not told his criminal minions where the entrance to The Shadow's sanctum was. Lacking this knowledge, blowing up the building was their only way to kill him. But in a masterstroke, The Shadow has now revealed the location of his sanctum's entrance to a throng of bloodthirsty killers who went to defeat him personally.

It had worked as he wanted. Vengeful crooks were coming through. They had found a route to the sanctum. They wanted to trap The Shadow there.

That meant that the big explosion would be delayed. Men of evil could not dynamite the entire building, while half of their hords was inside. (pp. 51-2)

As criminals work feverishly to break past the second --- and final --- barrier to the sanctum, a steel door, The Shadow is utilizing the seconds he has bought to good effect. After removing some papers from his filing cabinet --- those which would do most harm in the hands of evildoers --- The Shadow moves through another steel door into a different part of his sanctum.

The cloaked crimefighter is in his laboratory. An amazing plan, devised within the few seconds when The Shadow realized he was trapped, is coming closer to fruition. He has tricked crooks into reacting as he wished; now he must trick them once more, this time with another of his great weapons --- illusion. A successful illusion is his only hope of averting not only his death, but the death of seven of his agents. Though the stakes have rarely been so high, The Shadow stays frosty.

He brought big beakers from shelves; poured out mixtures that fizzed in hydrometer jars. The Shadow lighted Bunsen burners. Though his actions were performed with amazing speed, his work seemed effortless.

Soon, the steel door of the laboratory slid shut. Its closing was drowned by the fierce hisses that came from the hydrometer jars. A thickening odor filled the lab. It was sweetish; but too much so to be pleasant. (p. 52)

Four long minutes tick past, and then the inevitable happens. The steel barriers to The Shadow's sanctum are blown open. Crooks pour in, seeing a room that to them, is myth come to life. Few, if any, had ever expected to view this weird, black curtained chamber. They are led by the brilliant Strampf. With guns pointing everywhere, crooks tear down the curtains, uncovering the laboratory door. Strampf smiles. He knows the building's plan, knows that there can be no exit from that room. The Shadow, an unparalleled master at eluding pursuit, can do so no more.

Strampf gives orders. The room is emptied of its furnishings. The filing cabinet, containing The Shadow's archives, is hoisted out and loaded aboard a truck. The combined knowledge of all The Shadow's great foes is contained in those records. They will later be read carefully, and will serve Bradshaw in plotting sinister new crimes.

Meanwhile, a drill is attacking the laboratory door. Men of evil wait expectantly. In their hands they hold the weapon which will finally finish off their dread nemesis --- a large cylinder, with hose and nozzle attached. As soon as a hole is made through to the lab, poison gas will be pumped into it. Seconds after that happens, the extraordinary career of The Shadow will be over.

The drill goes through. At his moment of triumph, Strampf takes a quick glance through the hole into the lab. He sees that the lab's

...lights were clouded by a smoky vapor that filled the laboratory. Even the fizzing hydrometer jars were covered by the whitish gas. The roaring Bunsen burners made arrowlike tufts of flame amid the smoke. (p. 53)

On the floor, partially obscured by the swirling vapor, Strampf sees a long black shape. Little realizing The Shadow's real strategem, Strampf first thinks that faced with certain death, The Shadow has committed suicide. But no! He quickly decides it's a ploy --- the gas probably induces a death-like state. He thinks that The Shadow is gambling they'll think he took his life and leave the body alone, only to rise again later. Strampf will not be fooled. He orders his men to gas the room anyway.

But The Shadow is playing a deeper game.

Hardly had the underlings shoved the hose into the laboratory before the whitish vapor acted. The air was overcharged with gas. The burners ignited it. The whole air coughed with one fierce explosion that produced a blinding flash of flame.

The steel door shattered outward. The laboratory walls cracked; its floor collapsed. Down came the ceiling above it; the whole room became a crumpled pit...no one could have stayed there and survived. (p. 54)



Crooks lie strewn about the shattered sanctum. Some are dead; others, like Strampf, merely wounded. Everything in the laboratory has been annihilated. There is no possible way that anyone, even The Shadow, could have remained in that room and lived.

In an effort to deny criminals the secrets of his lab, The Shadow has sacrificed himself, taking some of his foes with him in the process. It is the best he could have done in the situation. Such is the reasoning of the brilliant Strampf, who has succeeded where all others have failed --- he has eliminated The Shadow hazard.

As the police arrive, Strampf leaves by truck. Riding with him are the sanctum's furnishings. Once a powerful weapon against crime, they will now be used just as powerfully against the forces of the law. To assure that the police

find no trace of what occurred, the entire office building housing the sanctum is dynamited.

Tons of masonry had crumbled all remnants of the hollow chamber that had once been The Shadow's sanctum. It had gone, with his ruined laboratory.

Even the body of The Shadow, like those of the buried crooks, would be consumed by the scorching, gaseous flames that seared through the shattered foundations of the blasted building. (p. 55)

The Shadow's defeat is complete.

Crooks know. This time, certain death WAS certain.

FROM THE ASHES...

On the 40th floor of the Solidarity Building, headquarters of the Solidarity Insurance Co., The Shadow's sanctum comes to life once more. No longer underground; now in a lofty aerie, the sanctum is detected by Strepf, using the furnishings he took from the original. Taking a quick look through The Shadow's files, Strepf leaves for some rest. After all, he deserves some. It's not every day you kill The Shadow.

If he had stayed, Strepf would have been amazed by the incredible climax of The Shadow's artifice; a plan quickly but brilliantly conceived; a plan perfectly executed by a master of illusion; a plan which most certainly did NOT involve suicide.

First, there was a dull, metallic sound from the file cabinet -- a sound that came like some unruly echo from the past. There was a switch, somewhere in the room; a flashlight formed a gleaming beam.

A whispered laugh echoed in the darkness as the sweeping ray completed its circuit from the room. That laugh was ghostly. It was the laugh of The Shadow! (p. 55)

Yes, rising phoenix-like from the ashes of his flame-enshrouded sanctum, The Shadow lives! By failing to act as Bradshaw thought he must, The Shadow had defeated sure death. Incredibly cool in the face of terrific peril, The Shadow had masterfully manipulated the crooks around him, even the brilliant Strepf, and so

...had returned in amazing fashion from depths to which powerful enemies had consigned him. To-night's ruine had been greater than any before. (p. 56)

Strepf had thought that the dim black shape he glimpsed on the lab's floor was the form of The Shadow. The Shadow had used misdirection. Strepf had seen what The Shadow wanted him to see.

Strepf had thought that The Shadow had killed himself in a last-ditch attempt to take as many criminals with him as possible. Once again, Strepf had believed what The Shadow wanted him to believe.

The black shape on the floor was not The Shadow. It was an overturned black lab bench! The Shadow had left the lab before crooks had blasted into his sanctum. He had not been in the lab, or even in any part of the sanctum, at the time of the gas explosion.

But how had The Shadow left his sanctum? How had he managed to evade the cordon of hundreds of gunmen surrounding it?

By being carried to safety by the crooks themselves!

When the sanctum was rifled, one of the things the crooks removed was The Shadow's filing cabinet. However, this cabinet --- such like a magician's --- was cunningly designed. The deep cabinet drawers leave a six inch space at the back, cleverly disguised. Likewise, there is a six inch gap between the bottoms of the cabinet and its lowest drawer. Neither alone could hold a body; this had concealed its purpose from the observant Stempf. But by sitting cross-legged...

An amazing deception. The Shadow knew that the gas he had set to work would detonate before Stempf could discover he wasn't in the lab; and so he made it seem as if he were.

Yet it was a deception not without its dangers. He had had to work with incredible speed. If he hadn't been fully concealed by the time the steel doors leading into his sanctum were blown, his crimefighting career --- and the lives of his seven agents --- would have been over. Likewise if Stempf had guessed the truth. The Shadow would have been helpless. In his cramped position, he wouldn't have even been able to fire a last shot of defiance.

But The Shadow had incited the proper mood in his foes, and set the scene quickly but perfectly. His stealth and cunning had won out.

The Shadow knows. This time, certain death was NOT certain.

It, like crime, had met its master in The Shadow.

(5)

**** THE SPIDER'S DEATH DEFYING ACT ****

By Chuck Jusek



One did not have to look very far for displays of heroic behavior and the execution of feats, most dangerous, in the action-packed pages of The Bloody Pulp. Acts of valor in the face of deadly danger were common to the vigilante crimebusters.

THE SPIDER, in particular, engaged in feats of personal daring and bravery far in excess of those usually attributable to ordinary men caught up in moments of great stress. The Spider, after all, like others of the hero-pulp genre was a vigilante. A person choosing such a way of life, whether real or fictional, would normally be expected to possess more than the usual amount of courage and intestinal staying power characteristic of your next door neighbor or the man in the street. Dangerously suicidal acts, then, would be performed with far greater ease as a matter of course by such an individual when the need arose or in times of great situational peril without thought or regard for personal safety.

The expression, "you got to be crazy to do that" comes to mind. But, such apparently fearless acts as we are discussing here can hardly be labeled insane. Bravery in the face of danger is not insanity! It requires a strong, unwavering dedication to a cause and nerves of steel to follow through, not to mention the physical stamina and cerebral confidence to handle oneself in any perilous encounter. Such a personality thrives on risk. And, the greater the danger, the more one intends to succeed and emerge victorious in the face of it.

Consider the following incident from The Spider's encounter with The Avenger in the February 1935 novel, "THE PAIN EMPEROR". Here, The Avenger, a ruthless, inhuman monster succeeds in duping the public and the police into thinking he is a do-gooder vigilante by capturing some hardened criminals and turning them, with evidence of their guilt, over to the police. In reality, these are crimes committed by The Avenger, himself, for which he manages to frame other undesirable elements. He sets out to get The Spider!

Almost immediately, he identifies Richard Wentworth as The Spider, takes a damning photograph of The Spider in the act of dispatching a seditious hoodlum, and in the ensuing scuffle manages to not only appropriate the murder weapon but escape with it. The automatic, is, of course, Richard Wentworth's. The Avenger initiates his own grandiose and monstrous schemes of mass slaughter and human suffering by the insensate poisoning of canned foods, drugs, candy bars, etc., and the adulterating of facial creams and other cosmetics with corrosive acids which horribly maim and disfigure untold thousands of women.

From the very beginning, The Spider is faced with incredible odds. Hunted and hounded by police mercilessly, he can no longer function as Richard Wentworth, who likewise has a Wanted Dead or Alive order hanging over him. Nevertheless, when lesser men would flee and hide, Dick Wentworth, refusing to succumb even to the pleadings of his beloved Nita to take refuge and find safety by running away, remains unmovingly dedicated to the cause of protecting the very humanity that would shoot and kill him on sight.

Undaunted, The Spider lets both police and Underworld know, with bullets and crimson spider seals, that despite the forces arrayed against him, he could still strike terribly for justice. Plunging ahead with bulldozer guts and selfless dedication, he follows the trail of The Avenger to Chicago where he uncovers evidence of how, where and when the next series of poisonings would take place. It would be with patent medicines and it would be in New York. He had to get back!

However, that would not be easy -- a raging blizzard blankets the entire Northeast with snow. All transport and communication lines are out. Planes are grounded and buried under snow and ice at airports. Everything is at a standstill. In desperation, Wentworth buys a small plane and ignoring all dire warnings and official protests takes off in that raging blizzard for New York. Snow pummeled the plane like bullets in the lash of the icy wind. The ceiling was nil, visibility zero, the temperature frigid, and the ice began piling up on the wings almost immediately. Mist froze on his goggles, ickies stabbed his bones, the plane became loggy and unresponsive, and despair began welling up in him. Disaster was imminent.

Peering earthward through the darkness, Wentworth caught a glimpse of a train's headlight. Without a moment's hesitation, he grabbed for his automatic and pumped lead into the plane's gasoline tanks until they caught fire, then hurled himself out into space and the whipping snow. The plane smeared crimson across the sky as the parachute carried him to the snow-covered ground. He flagged down the train and rode it to Cleveland. There, when officials refused to dispatch a special train eastward in the blizzard, he kidnapped a locomotive engineer and shanghaied another train to Buffalo.

In Buffalo, he bought another plane. This time, a seaplane, and did a repeat performance with the blinding snow finally landing, many hours later, on the Hudson amidst drifting pack ice in N.Y. harbor. Making his way along the pier through the thick snow and the fierce bite of the wind, he stopped off at a greasy, waterfront diner for a cup of coffee and to call Kirkpatrick. Recognized immediately, the counterman called the police. Wentworth bolted from the diner to lose himself in the cold, hostile world outside. He never even touched his cup of coffee.

It strikes this reader and writer that the actions depicted here, despite the obvious dedication to cause and desperation to reach a destination in time to prevent further tragedy and suffering, were more than a bit foolhardy and bordered on the unreal. Yet, this is the kind of unnerving action, reckless abandon and unswerving persistence typical of Richard Wentworth's perilous exploits which we have come to expect of him. The Spider demonstrates, once again, that unique and rare brand of courage peculiar to the heroes of The Bloody Pulp.

(6)

THE PHANTOM COURTS DEATH

by BOB SAMPSON

Richard Curtis Van Loon, The Phantom Detective, not only put his life in danger to save it, but customarily investigated by sticking his head into situations where anybody else would have pulled back a bloody stump. His method of investigation was to get all disguised up with a strange nose and a mean expression and walk into the middle of the Chief Killer's mob.

Usually he had one too many finger joints. Or he lacked the current password. Or he hadn't learned that his character, Nick the Blood, spat cyanide. Whatever the flaw in his disguise, he speedily ended up captured.

Now if you, a Sumner Crime Master, who has already murdered forty-two people before Chapter VII, managed to capture your arch-enemy, The Phantom, what is it that you do?

Reason says that you do him in right then. Don't wait. Do it now. Zip, bang, slash - and the series is over.

Reason never prevailed in the Phantom series, however. No sooner than The Phantom falls into unfriendly hands than the Murdering Menace begins thinking up fancy death plans: Throw him into a deep tank and slowly fill it with liquid oxygen; tie his head and feet in an empty room, then drip rattlesnakes on him; clamp him to a gigantic eggbeater and slowly, slowly break in two dozen eggs, fifty gallons of milk, and sift down on him a ton of flour.

The upshot is that The Phantom escapes. The Phantom always escapes. No matter how horrible the murder method, no matter how incredible the odds, the Phantom slips glides seals deftly away.

It happens in "The Phantom Hunts Murder Scum" (June 1940). With his usual luck, The Phantom has been captured by a gang of hardcases. They tape up his mouth and tape his arms very very tightly to his body. They don't tape his legs because he has pretended to have lost their use. They carry him into a steel mill where a GIGANTIC electro-magnet is busy picking up scrap:

"His bulky shoulders were squeezed into the cylinder of a small tank from which an end had been sawed off. The ... mobsters employed considerable force to push his body in, until only his legs below the knees protruded."

Mobster: "Okay! That disposes of the great Phantom."

They leave him in a pile of scrap iron that is about to be picked up by a giant electro-magnet and dumped into a seething vat of molten iron.

The Phantom "strained with all his strength, but could obtain no leverage from the smooth inside of the tank. He tried kicking his legs, but his prison was too heavy to be moved that way. Suddenly the tank moved as if pushed

by an invisible hand. Loose scrap iron banged its sides. The moment had arrived when there remained no hope for escape. The tank yielded to the power of the magnet. It was lifted with other iron and swung into the air.

Van could feel the tank swaying as the electro-magnet moved toward the top of the huge melting furnace ... Never had he imagined a fate as horrible as this threatened to be when the tank that enclosed him should be dropped into those immense fires.

Suffering could not be too long, but there would be the torturing seconds as the metal tank heated before it dissolved. His whole body would be cooked before the metal would disintegrate and the flesh and bones would disappear.

Van was kicking violently, but the tank seemed as firmly held as if bound with chains ...

He tried swinging his legs from side to side. But the tank still held. Heat came up suddenly and warmed his legs. No use to swing his legs now, for the whole mass of scrap, including the tank was hanging out over the furnace ...

Even if he could escape the tank now, it would be but to drop helplessly upon the super-heated slide cover of the molten iron. And with the giving of the signal (to drop the load), the fiery inferno would snuff out his life in a flash ...

Suddenly a sharp point of scrap iron seemed to bite into one of Van's swinging legs. His flesh crawled as his ears strained to hear that shrill whistle which would only bring death. He reached with one foot, feeling about until he managed to hook his toe into some of the scrap-iron outside the tank ... The scrap-iron held firmly under his hooking toe.

Van put all of his strength into his leg muscles as he pulled. He contracted his shoulder muscles, emptying his lungs until his ribs were as nearly collapsed as it was possible for them to be. His other foot hooked into scrap-iron and he pitted the tense power of both legs against the grip of the tank upon his upper body.

The Phantom felt his shoulders slip. He redoubled his effort, until the joints of his knees and hips appeared cracking under the strain. One toe reached further and secured a new hold among the scrap-iron that was rigidly held by the magnetic pull.

Van's body was moving. With his arms tightly taped to his sides, he was performing what appeared to be an impossible feat, extracting himself slowly but surely from the swinging tank that had been meant for his coffin, which still might be.

Still no signal for the charging of the furnace. Van was bathed with sweat. In spite of the heat here over the furnace, the perspiration was like ice water, but his body was more than halfway out of the tank.

Van made another reach, feeling about for one more projecting part of the scrap-iron outside. His foot moved about for seconds in empty space and Van's stomach felt as if it had flattened against his spine ...

One tremendous heave, and the Phantom's body came from the tank. He was suspended dizzily, head downward, arms compressed to his expanding ribs. His position was no better than it had been inside the tank.

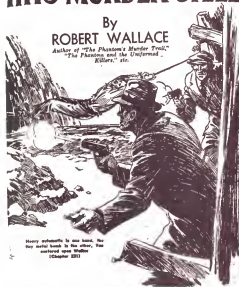
Van could see the red-hot slide cover over the reduction fires about thirty feet below him. To have freed his legs then, and plunged downward would have been like falling upon an immense griddle enclosed by circular walls. The heat from the glowing furnace cover would have overcome him, pulled him down to fry upon the griddle's surface.



HITS MURDER STEEL

By
ROBERT WALLACE

Author of "The Phantom's Murder Trail,"
"The Phantom and the Uniformed
Killers," etc.



Heavy armature is now dead, the
big metal beam is the other, Van
suspended upon either.
(Chapter XXII)

sinking heart he realized that his superhuman effort might be balked at the very last. For, weakened as he had become, he had no strength left in his legs to hold his weight to the big disc when the scrap iron should be released.

"Then he saw the big cable, one of the three that suspended the magnetic disc and its load under the operator cage. He felt as if an eternity passed while he was reaching thus, keeping one leg over part of the scrap-iron and moving along the disc's edge with the other.

"After eons his leg touched the cable. He bent his knee around it, then brought his other leg into position. His ankles touched, and he pressed the toes of his shoes together like a vice.

"Had his hands been free, Van could have climbed upon the disc and possibly have attracted the attention of the crane operator. But bound as he was, he could only hang suspended, almost inert, in a position such like that of a sloth that sleeps upside down.

"... he retained barely consciousness and strength enough to hold his hard-won place. He heard a whistle shrill. A greta blast of fire opened below him and whopped life into his almost numbed body.

"The mass of scrap-iron crashed into the flame below. With it went the tank that had been intended for the Phantom's coffin ..."

The respect swings down to gather more scrap-iron. Van rolls free, cuts his bonds on raw metal edges, and in a few more paragraphs, he is all ready to shoot the dickens out of the evil, once again.

Even thirty feet above it, the waves of heat were almost overpowering ...

"Surrounded by all of the mill clangor, the hammering, ear-splitting sound of iron life, the Phantom was as alone up here as if he had been stranded in some wilderness. Then it was that he realized that to climb was his only chance. And he must climb without use of his arms. He had only his legs free, and that only because he had feigned serious injury.

"Reaching up with one leg, Van hung his weight upon the crook of his other knee. He groped about until he had his free leg over a broken bar a little higher up. He cleared his other leg and lifted himself ...

"Seconds then became ages of time to the Phantom. He could lift himself but a few inches at a time ... Again and again he felt about with his straining legs for holds in the iron, and was forced to drop back and move to one side in order to obtain a new climbing purchase. Could he possibly reach the magnetic disc (which spread wide above him)? And what would happen if he did achieve his goal of the big magnet ...

"Finally, even Van's trained muscles became slow in movement, and his legs and body were so numbed that when his foot first touched the flat edge of the electro-magnet it seemed no different from the feel of the rough iron which he had been climbing with his legs. His clothing was stripped off from knees to ankles and his flesh was rasped, raw, and bleeding.

"But at last one leg went up over the rim of the magnetic disc, but with a

rin of the magnetic disc, but with a

3. THE SKY WALKER

A the Avenger

BY THE CREATOR OF
DOC SAVAGE
KENNETH ROBERTSON



But in the clever and ghostly novel, THE SKY WALKER, Benson winds up in a situation in which only his super-human strength and wits can extricate him.

The set up went like this: The Avenger and Smitty are at the offices of Catwalk Mines, Inc., investigating a man named Colonel Ringier in connection with the crumbling of new office buildings in Chicago, and a mysterious figure that ambles amongst the clouds without any visible means of suspension. After leaving Ringier's office they do a perfectly natural thing, since they are nine floors up they step into the elevator. Thus, of course, is a mistake. Unlike some of the entanglements the Avenger blithely walks into, this one is unsuspected and therefore there is no key under the mat. Fortunately, The Avenger has his own unique lock pick:

"The cage groaned and shivered, started down ...

The aged elevator operator screamed suddenly ...

Now and then a man is molded whose coordination of eye and body, brain and sensory perception and muscles is so perfect and instantaneous that he seems able to make the movements of all other men seem like slow motion. Dick Benson was such a man.

His mind was intensely occupied with things having no connection whatever with the old elevator cage. Just the same, in a fraction of a second his brain caught the deathly significance of a sudden lurch that was more abrupt and extreme than any previous jerk of the elevator had been ...

But whereas the operator simply screamed ... Benson moved.

The man had started the cage downward before he had quite closed the ninth-floor doors ... The doors were open six inches or so when the elevator gave that sickening lurch ... Benson got his hands in their opening, with steel fingers clamping down on the metal sill of the sliding doors.

The cage fell eight inches, and stopped. It stopped because the top of it banged on Benson's head and shoulders, and those shoulders and head were held by Benson's vice-like grip on the ninth floor sill."

Pretty scary stuff. Probably why there aren't a whole hell of a lot of elevator operators any more. Anyway ...

It seems some rather industrious crooks have severed the cage cable, thinking, of course, the cage would plunge sixty feet to the bottom and smother Benson, Smitty, and the screaming operator like a bug hit with a hammer. But they hadn't reckoned with Benson's incredible strength and swiftness. Benson strains to hold the cage. Immediately, Smitty springs to his aide, shouldering the burden with Benson. Together they perform the seemingly impossible:

(7)

THE AVENGING ACT

by HOWARD HOPKINS

When Tom asked me to pick a character from the pulps for this multipart article, I immediately chose The Avenger. Why? Well, there are a number of reasons. For one thing, second only to Doc Savage, The Avenger is the character with whom I am most familiar with. And because I am intrinsically lazy, the idea of dealing with a character with whom I had some knowledge was rather appealing. But I was in for a surprise. What I thought was going to be so easy actually wasn't. Oh, finding the act wasn't difficult, but upon reviewing the ways and wherefores, it became a little more involved than I had anticipated. So much for laziness.

Which brings me to my second reason for choosing the ascetic Mr. Benson:

If one were to read each Avenger novel from JUSTICE, INC on up, he would find a death-defying act in each and every one of them. Sometimes more than one (count at least four in STOCKHOLDERS IN DEATH). The Avenger had a menas for death-defying acts. The guy is a walking accident, folks. Well, not exactly. Because while The Avenger is cited as having a death-wish (and/or is insane depending on your perspective), he is almost never in a position in which he has not prudently placed a key under the proverbial mat. Unlike another Richard we all know and fear (right, Chuck?), Benson's acts were usually cool and calculated spittle in the Rasper's sardonic face.

"No other two men in the city - perhaps the entire country - could have done it; could have raised the unsupported cage with only the straining muscles of their arms alone. But these two did."

They manage to lift the cage up eighteen inches instead of three. Then, incredibly, Benson turns the act of holding the cage suspended over to the giant Smitty, while he climbs through the crack to the ninth floor. Had Smitty's indefatigable strength waned, Benson would have been sliced in two. But it doesn't, and Benson maneuvers himself to the top of the cage, performing yet another display of his powers:

"Anyone who has ever tied a knot in steel cable knows what a long-drawn-out, almost impossible task it is. But Benson's incredibly strong fingers got the broken end of the elevator cable under the supporting girder, and twisted the woven steel strand into a single pretzel-shaped bow, in about the same time it would take an ordinary person to do the same thing with wrapping twine."

Benson quickly struts Smitty and the elevator operator (who has now fainted) from the cage, as the steel cable grinds and shrieks under the tremendous strain. And not a moment too soon. The cable snaps. The cage plunges downward nine floors, splintering like matchsticks at the bottom.

There are probably a few other times *The Avenger* came thus close to death, but this one ranks among the most exciting and tense.

But with *The Avenger* death-defying acts were the norm. Perhaps, in reality, he was the ultimate death-defier in the pulps (arguably, *The Spider* had his moments). For Benson actually wanted to die. He courted death with almost the same intimate passion one would a lover. Doc Savage, The Shadow, The Phantom Detective, or Secret Agent X went out of their way to avoid death; *The Avenger* met it head-on. Like a semi-modern day Ulysses, Benson constantly walked beside the shadows in the land of the dead. Always a half-step ahead; always cheating the Reaper. For if there is actually a fire and brimstone pit in Hell, Benson would have dared the chase, swinging just scant inches over the crackling tongues of flame. And he would have made it, only to challenge the fires again.

AFTERMORSE: This article was meant only to entertain our readers. The incidents that I and my colleagues recounted were performed in the pages of our pulp magazines, and gives an example of our heroes' abilities in death-defying situations. Under no circumstances should we ever attempt to duplicate any of these feats. The pulp magazines, and our heroes, were written to entertain us, and their feats were superhuman. In that regard, let me assure our readers for each of the authors of this article, that we wrote this piece as entertainment only.

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

SPIDER NOTES by Nick Carr. This one on Nita Van Sloan!

THE LAST OF THE PRIVATE RICHARDS by Mike Avallone

ROGUEMAN by Stewart Robertson; reprinted from *THE FAMILY CIRCLE*, August 25th, 1968. A fine article by pulp artist, Frank R. Paul. Features several of his science fiction covers.

THE BLACK AND YELLOW HOOD by Will Murray, illustrated by Larry Latham. An overview of the Black Hood series.

FLASH STEEL: Special Ranger by Nick Carr & Lusk Hullar. From *WILD WEST STORIES*.

PULPPOON REPORT by Nick Carr & Lusk Hullar. The activities at this year's convention.

PETE ROCE IN *WILD WEST WEEKLY* by Lester Belcher.

NEW WESTERN MAGAZINE by Murvin Lachman.

STARTING AGAIN, Part 4 by Robert Simpson.

A DEATH-DEFYING ACT, Part 2 by several authorities in pulp fandom.

OF PULPLIKE POWER by Gary Lovisi.

GK: The Phantom Fod by Tom Johnson. A short review of this series from *ACE G-MAN*.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE? by John Olsen.

BLOOD AND HONOR by Gary Lovisi. A fine review of the movie Red Dawn and others.

THE SPORTS PULPS by Dickson Thorpe.

THE TEN BEST JOHN WAYNE MOVIES by Mike Avallone

THOSE GREAT PULP ADVERTISEMENTS by Dickson Thorpe

An as yet untitled article on the *ACE G-MAN* series by Don Hutchison.

CATS OF A SINGULAR COLOR by David Bates.

More from your favorite artists, as well as some great pulp cover reproductions. And more articles from your favorite authors. Some fine material will be coming up during the remainder of 1967, and more material is coming in for 1968! It looks like we have some good issues ahead of us, so please stay with us.

A FRIEND IN NEED: The Monster-Maker Series

by Frank D. McSherry, Jr.

Remember Pat Pending, the famous inventor (his name appears on so many devices); Jirel of Joiry, red-headed warrior girl of medieval France; Thibbey Thaw, New York's hissing pickpocket; Captain Humblower and Dr. Kildare; and such other well-known fictional characters as the Gray Legion, The Shadow, the Continental Op, and Horra Seldon, creator of the star-spangled, far future Foundation?

Practically every pulp fan recalls these heroes, whose adventures were among the best of the *weary* series that ran in the fabulous pulps of the Thirties and Forties, tremendous entertainment and food for reflection, now so fondly remembered.

Yet there are series not so well-known that stay in the mind too, that have something to offer the reader. Take, for instance, the *Monster-Maker* series by Fulton T. Grant. One of the most intriguing of the *Mad Scientist* type, this series consisted of five novellates that appeared in BLUE BOOK.

Not that little Dr. Emil Medlow, gaunt, monocled, late of Leipzig, thinks of himself as god, mind you. He wants to help you. He has discovered a new formula that accelerates glandular reactions - and, of course, the personality traits they produce and control. "The Brain," Dr. Medlow points out, "the intelligence, the physical properties of humanity could, by this formula be increased ... civilization itself might accelerate, so that all humanity might gain entire centuries of mental and physical progress ... might become ... supreme beings, nearly flawless, a race of wondermen." (1)

Unfortunately, there are one or two bugs in the system, bugs that haven't quite been ironed out yet, that make little Dr. Medlow into "The Monster-Maker," in the first story of the series by Fulton T. Grant (BLUE BOOK, March 1941).

A midnight phone call from an unknown, terrified woman brings reporter Garland of the Record to the mansion of the city's former mayor and leading citizen Cavendish, a massively strong man who has just been strangled - obviously by a murder stronger than any human being could ever be!

Garland, who is under suspicion himself - the D.A. doesn't believe his story of a mysterious phone call at midnight - investigates; and recognizes the voice of pretty Phyllis Gunnsay as his caller. She was a former nurse of Dr. Emil Medlow, arrested years ago for killing a baby during a scientific experiment on the child. She defends that the baby was a cretin and Dr. Medlow was trying chemically to increase its intelligence to a normal level: it wasn't his fault if something went wrong.

"Dr. Medlow ... wasn't a quack or a charlatan at all. He was the most advanced scientist of his age, far ahead of his time ... He did things that ... I'd never believe." (2)

Tried in a storm of public hysteria, Medlow was unexpectedly saved from the chair when his two obscure, small-town lawyers - oddly, they are former patients of Medlow's - develop overnight a tremendous legal skill and wisdom they never showed before; a hanging judge and a prejudiced jury are bowled over and Medlow gets off with a light sentence for manslaughter instead of the death penalty for murder.

The Medlow trial was the beginning of a spectacular career for both lawyers. One, Mason, goes on to become one of the nation's great trial lawyers; the other is Cavendish. And throughout those long years, Garland learns, the nurse has been giving them regular injections ... of what? Arriving at Mason's home, he learns that Mason, too, has just died by violence ...

For most of its length, the story is more confusing than mysterious; but it does point out a flaw in the age-old concept of the *Magical Elixir*: the agony a sensitive, intelligent man feels when he knows all his greatness is due, not to any abilities of his own, but to a chemical injection.

In the next novellate, a four-alarm fire at the huge department store of Old Man Harland, whose shady deals, greed and downright dishonesty have wrecked people's lives and driven them to suicide, demonstrates another flaw in the Medlow formula. It intensifies the characteristics of the user; and what if the user's major characteristic is a lust for vengeance? Reporter Garland follows a trail of revenge down through the years and finds a patient Dr. Medlow never told his nurse about, a steely-eyed woman in black and the professional arsonist she hires, in "Hell Hath No Fury" (Blue Book, April 1941). Both as story and as mystery, this second tale works out better than the first.

Twice now the Medlow formula has led to murder. Well, back to the old drawing board. Professor Medlow is working on a new, improved version of his formula when the sudden illness of a fellow lodger, mathematics professor Prutte, dying from infection following a burst appendix, presents him with an ethical problem. The new formula, K-11, in-

intensifies to a superhuman level all the body's abilities - including its ability to resist infection; if it is not used Prof. Pratte will die. But what unknown effect will it have on his personality? Dr. Medlow is a kindly man; and besides he is curious; what will the formula do to a man whose major characteristic is an already intense love of mathematics? Dr. Medlow gives the injection ...

Pratte deals with a speed that astounds medical science. In a day he is happily bounding down the street, his mind clearer than ever. So clear, in fact, that he finds he can predict with absolute accuracy the winning numbers on a wheel-of-fortune gambling device in a penny arcade.

This fact brings "The Man Who Couldn't Lose" (Blue Book, May 1941), to the attention of notorious ganglord "Silk" Nielson, who plans to use him to bankrupt a rival's high society gambling house, the source of nearly all his rival's income. One look at the armed thugs who bring him to Nielson and Pratte needs no intensified mathematical ability to tell him what his chances are if he refuses; they're zero. Pratte enters the gambling house known as the Golden Door to begin a wild night of stuttering, flaming Tommy guns, speeding cars and a hidden racket in what is probably the best story of the series.

The next is almost as good. Young Billy Burston, college-educated boxer, is a nice guy, and for that reason his pugilistic career isn't getting up off the canvas; he lacks the brutal instinct to kill, to go for the juglar, that makes the difference between the boxer and the fighter, the loser and the champ.

But Billy wants that career. Years ago, his father quit the ring at his mother's request, and was branded a coward for doing so; Billy yearns to wipe out the sneers and the sneers. And Billy remembers something he saw as a kid, years ago, in the laboratory of a neighborhood doctor, a little man named Dr. Paul Medlow ... He asks Medlow to use K-11 on him.

Medlow is reluctant; Formula K-11 intensifies all your characteristics, including those you've repressed, those a nice guy doesn't want to admit he's got - but Billy insists; and as "Cyclone" Billy Burston heads toward the world's championship, he feels a growing pleasure in battering his opponents to a bloody pulp, a growing, driving urge not only to knock them down and out but to beat them to death - legally - in the ring. Shall he go on, fast, invulnerable, unstoppable, until murder occurs? Or should he quit while he can, and say "Thanks for the Glory" (Blue Book, June 1941), to Dr. Medlow?

The threat of global war approaches our shores in the next story in the series. Navy Lieutenant Ben Gainesway was once a glamorous test pilot and former soldier of fortune; now he's a hung-over has-been who boozes it up too much too often. When he crashes in a new experimental plane carrying a top-secret radio-location device for finding Nazi submarines underwater, his claim of sabotage is not believed.

The examination of the wreckage, however, shows saw-through wires; Gainesway gets a last chance. That night the saboteur strikes again; he sets a hunger fire that turns into a raging holocaust, killing one man on almost killing two others including Gainesway, whom he beats unconscious.

Clearly, the Nazi spy is smarter, tougher, than Gainesway ever was; and he's sure to be aboard when Gainesway takes off soon with the secret detector to protect the convoy carrying America's first major arms shipment to the hard-pressed British nation - a vital cargo that must get through. And how can Gainesway stop his? Gainesway's failed twice already ...

Desperate, Gainesway recalls something his sister Phyllis, a nurse, once told him about an old doctor she'd worked for, something about a formula that speeds you up ...

Dr. Medlow gives him the chemical, warning Gainesway that the double dose he demands may burn him out permanently - and Gainesway discovers he needs every bit of the extra drive provided when he flies with a spy at his back "Above the Convoy," in Blue Book for July 1941.

The stories never quite rise to the level of their ingenious concept, perhaps because of a too-episodic structure and too many shifts of viewpoint, despite their potentially strong human interest. They'd make an excellent TV series.

What ever happened to Dr. Medlow? Did he ever succeed in his efforts to perfect the Medlow Formula? Or is he still working in secret toward his great goal of advancing the human race through centuries of evolution in a single night, to the greatness of the gods? We'll never know. The series ended here and author Grant never said.

But if you're ever struck by a car and lying in the gutter moaning with pain, and a slight, monocled man with a goatee and a faint European accent steps from the crowd opens his doctor's bag, and offers you an injection that will make you feel better - in fact, better than you've ever felt, even superhumanly so - perhaps you should think twice before you accept.

For there is one question these tales of the Monster-Maker leave in the memory, and my account for their being remembered. Was it Dr. Medlow's formula that failed humanity - or was it humanity that failed Dr. Medlow?

References: (1) Grant, Fulton T. "Thanks for the Glory," Blue Book, June 1941, pg. 17.

(2) "The Monster-Maker," Blue Book, March 1941, pg. 21.

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ter than that portrayed by Bill Boyd on the screen. Mulford's was a rough and tumble character with a real limp who was a working cowboy while Boyd's was a gentleman troubleshooter. Which were the magazine stories about? A very good 160 page comparison between the films and books was written by Francis M. Nevins, Jr. and published in THE FILMS OF YESTERDAY #6, Spring 1981, \$10, by Linda & Ron Downey, Box 3, Box 262-H, Waynesville, NC 28786. Who was Tex Barnes who wrote the pulp HOPALONG CASSIDY stories? There is an article by John Nesbitt in the Fall 1980 PAPERBACK QUARTERLY. John says that a number of reference books list these as by Louis L'Amour, namely THE NATIONAL UNION CATALOG, BOOKS IN PRINT and THE ROUNDUP for March 1980. I have found mistakes in these reference books, so they might be wrong. Mr. Nesbitt states he has a letter from Louis L'Amour of February 4, 1979 in which L'Amour says the publisher engaged him to shape and tailor some stories by Clarence Mulford. The Spring 1981 issue of PAPERBACK QUARTERLY had a letter from Mike Nevins to Bob Briney in which he says that Mulford kept meticulous records and there was nothing after HOPALONG CASSIDY SERVES A MEAT in 1941. So if L'Amour shaped something it was not Mulford's. But L'Amour keeps denying he wrote the Tex Barnes stories.

The article by Bob Sarason about the dark days of pulp fandom was a delight. I missed those dark days by about 8 years and the prices had jumped by a factor of ten and lists were available. I hope you keep getting these illustrations and articles by Museo DeHerten. So Kim Neidigh says that Fu Manchu had no mustache. It is hard to think of him that way because of all the pictures. It is always nice to hear from John Roy. Now he has Canadian pulps. I did not know they existed except as reprints of magazines from the United States. I loved the article by Gary Lovisi on ZARCON written by Lin Carter. He does not mention that in the second novel, Invisible Death, Zarcon is aided by Val Kildare of the FBI. There was a fourth novel, THE EARTH-SHAKER published in 1982 by Doubleday in hardcover for \$10.95. This story opens with a luncheon attended by Margo Lane, Patricia Savage, Nita Van Sloan, and Nellie Grey. They were bemoaning the fact that Muriel Hawes, Doro Kelly and Carol Baldwin could not be there.

GRAND SIDING (Sydney, Australia): Canadian pulps are a little known field and it's good to see some attention. I can add some information to John Roy's article:

SCIENCE FICTION ran for six issues dated October, November 1941 and January, February, March and June 1942. Numbering runs v. 1 nos 1-2; v2 nos 1-4 so it's unlikely there were issues for the months skipped, but it's conceivable there might be later issues than June 1942 which haven't been found. Though as John mentions the magazine was claimed to be all-Canadian, in fact the fiction was all chosen from the American SCIENCE FICTION, FUTURE FICTION or SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY. There's a full page blurb on the inside front cover of the January 1942 issue which I'll copy, it's such a monstrous pack of lies about this being a native product, it deserves printing.

I have the January and February issues, here are the contents: January, 64 p. 11". Editor Mr. Brown Forbes. Cover credited to Harold Bennett but signed Edson Shaw. One illustration, rather crude, is presumed local work, but the rest look like the American artists Bok and Delgov roughly copied. SCIENCE FROM SYRACUSE by Polton Cross (pseud John Russell Feern), THEY NEVER CAME BACK by Fritz Leiber Jr., FOOD PLANET by Martin Pearson (pseud Don Wohlheim), THE SHADOWLESS LAND by Oliver Seari, and THE MAN ON THE MEISOR (last of 3 parts) by Ray Gummings.

February, 64 p. 11". Cover by John G. Hilbert - similar style to last, rather crude yet the effect is not bad. THE WORLD IN WILDERNESS by Thornton Ayre (pseud John Russell Feern), THE STONE MAN OF TONOTA by Victor Rousseau (misspelled Rousseau except on cover), THE THOUGHT-FREEDERS by R.R. Winterbottom, OUT OF NOWHERE by E.A. Grosser, and THE MAN ON THE MEISOR, part 2. This time two ill recognizably Bok, two I don't know.

I have a note that the November 1941 issue has cover by Bennett but interiors by American Paul and David Kyle, the contents: MARTIAN GUNS by Stanley D. Bell (from WONDER STORIES Jan 1932 then FUTURE Apr 1941), 30th CENTURY DUEL by Manly Wade Wellman, GENIUS BUREAU by Helen Weinstem, BEINGS OF THE COZE by John Taylor, STAR OF BLUE by Milton Kalensky, and THE BARKYBLASS by William Morrison.

UNCANNY TALES ran for 21 issues from November 1940 to Sep/Oct 1943. Some of its contents were from American magazines, mostly Wohlheim's STURDING and COSMIC, reprinted by Wohlheim; but much of it was Canadian and there are a few otherwise unpublished shorts by Americans too. No editor was given but known to have been Melvin R. Gilby, perhaps advised at first by Thomas P. Kelley and certainly helped by Wohlheim. There is a full listing of contents in Thuesen's Science Fiction Collector #9. There is also one issue of EERIE TALES, July 1941 from C.K. Pub. Co., Toronto, material by Kelley and other Canadians, which looks very similar to early UNCANNY.

Shadow

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